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Saturday Review

MARCH 21, 1959 / 25¢

ROBERT FROST AT 85:

Articles by Lawrance Thompson and John Ciardi

A New Poem by Robert Frost

SR'S ANNUAL ROUNDUP OF REFERENCE BOOKS

Lawrence Durrell, author of "Mountolive" between two kings of ancient Cyprus (See Books)

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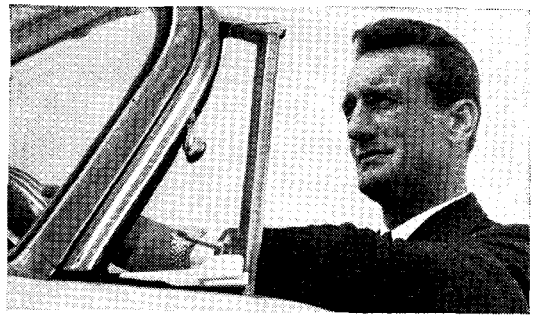

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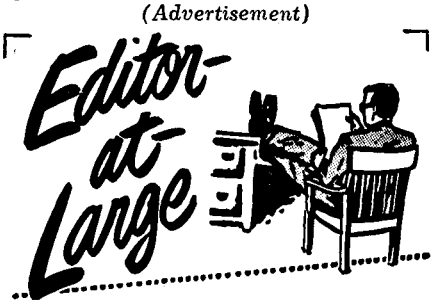

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L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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The woman who reads dictionaries

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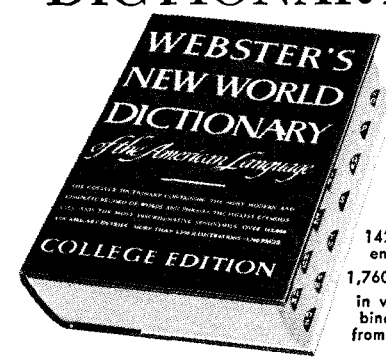

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Pablo Casals conducting in San Juan.

Puerto Rico proudly announces the third Festival Casals in San Juan —May 1st through May 22nd

Pablo Casals will direct a twelve-concert festival —at which he will both play and conduct.

ON FRIDAY, May 1st, San Juan's third Festival Casals will begin. A series of twelve symphonic and chamber music concerts is scheduled over a period of three weeks.

Once again the Festival will be under the personal direction of Pablo Casals himself. Alexander Schneider will again serve as Assistant Musical Director.

The artists

The Festival Casals will bring together a 62-piece orchestra and many outstanding soloists. They include:

Soprano—Eileen Farrell
Piano—Mieczyslaw Horszowski, Eugene Istomin, Jesús María Sanromá, Rudolf Serkin
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Ensembles include the Bach Aria Group, (William H. Scheide, Director; Julius Baker, flute; Robert Bloom, oboe; Eileen Farrell, soprano; Norman Farrow, bass-baritone; Bernard Greenhouse, cello; Jan Peerce, tenor; Carol Smith, alto; Paul Ulanowsky, piano); the Budapest String Quartet; the Festival Chorus (Augusto Rodriguez, *Director*).

The programs

Six of the twelve concerts will be devoted to chamber music. The other six will be full orchestral concerts.

Chamber music programs will include works by Vivaldi, Bach, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Brahms. One of these concerts will feature a group of lieder by Schubert and Schumann, sung by Eileen Farrell.

Orchestral programs will include works by Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann and Brahms. The Festival will close with a performance of the little-known *Fantasy in C minor for Piano, Chorus and Orchestra* by Beethoven.

As in previous years, all performances will be held in the auditorium of the University of Puerto Rico. Ticket prices range from $2 to $8 per seat per concert.

The schedule

This year's Festival Casals is divided into six pairs of concerts. Each pair of concerts will take place on two successive evenings, one devoted to chamber music, the other to orchestral music. Pairs of concerts will take place on the evenings of May 1st and 2nd, 5th and 6th, 9th and 10th, 13th and 14th, 17th and 18th, 21st and 22nd.

A space of two days has been provided between each pair of concerts to give visitors an opportunity to tour the island and explore Puerto Rico's mountains and old Spanish towns.

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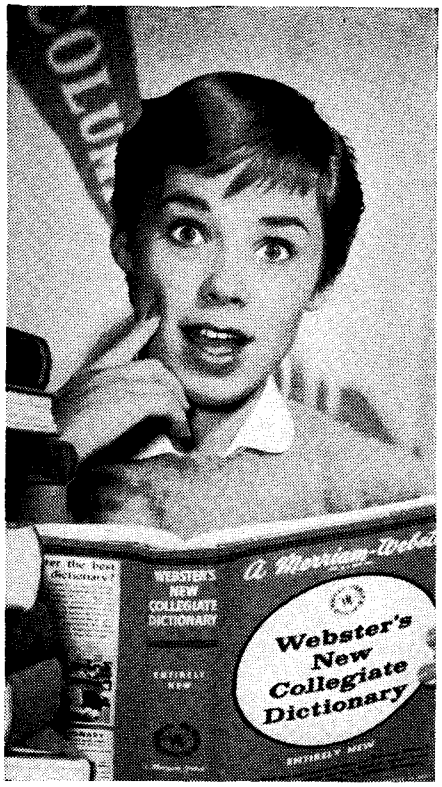

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ODE TO A SATELLITE
DYING YOUNG

Where did you go? Up.
What did you do? Nothing.

—L. W. MICHAELSON.

• • •

ONE MORE QUIZ SHOW SCANDAL

I WAS very possibly the first guest on a Quiz Show ever to do any cheating. I was given the right answer secretly, ahead of time, and used it to deceive the audience. This dishonorable event also coincided with my first appearance on the stage of any theatre. It happened at the Academy of Music in Atlantic City, New Jersey, somewhere toward the end of the 1890s.

Before Mr. Mergenthaler's Linotype machine came into common use, my mother was a compositor on a newspaper. She set type by hand. I can still see her picking out each letter from the little boxes of type arranged in rows on a high, slanting desk before which she stood or occasionally sat on a high stool. How her fingers could fly! Not many women were compositors. But this newspaper, *The Atlantic City Daily Union,* was owned by her brother, my uncle. My mother's weekly wage was ten dollars. On this she supported her mother, herself, and her four children, of which I was the youngest.

As my uncle's poor relations, we also had an occasional "due-bill" thrown our way. Years later, after I became an actor and was doing very badly at earning my living, I paused to wonder why I ever went on the stage. I did not have to wonder long. The answer came very quickly out of my memory. When I was four or five years old, a teacher of elocution advertised in my uncle's newspaper and could not pay her bill. I was sent to work it out. It was finally arranged that as long as I was taught elocution she would have two lines of advertising space free. This went on for several years. Learning to recite was no hardship for me, since speaking pieces brought me applause and public recognition. I became that nasty type, a child exhibitionist. I could absorb praise faster than the system absorbs alcohol, and with somewhat the same result. With that beginning the end was inevitable—I was destined to enter the theatre.

One summer a young man came to Atlantic City and advertised in my uncle's newspaper for pupils to be tutored in arithmetic. His specialty was what was then called "mental arithmetic." He, too, didn't pay his bill and I was sent to work it out. This I did resent. It was the summer vacation period, the schools were closed, and here was I having to report to him three or four times a week to absorb something I had no gift for and heartily detested.

This tutor devoted considerable time to me. It could have been because I was a challenge, a test of whether he could teach anybody anything. Or it could have been because I was the only pupil his advertisement had brought him. Finally, in desperation, he hired the Academy of Music for an afternoon's free performance for all adults accompanied by children. He gave a lecture to the scattered few parents and captive children who were present, and did feats of lightning calculation in his head, which he would thereupon prove on a blackboard. Then he announced one of his pupils would perform. He wrote two numbers of four digits each on the blackboard and drew a line beneath them. He turned toward the wings, where I was standing nursing my indignation, and gestured to me.

Out on the stage I walked in my velvet suit with short pants but a very long Windsor tie. I was told to glance at those two numbers, multiply them in my head, and write the answer below. In less time than you can say "mental arithmetic" I wrote the answer. He proved it and I was sent off the stage to some dubious applause. The tutor and I both breathed a sigh of relief—not because I had actually accomplished this silly feat, but because I had remembered correctly the answer which he had been drilling into my head for a half hour before the performance.

This matinee of ours did not gain him even one more pupil. He had taken extra space in my uncle's newspaper to advertise his performance and mine. So he was plunged more deeply into debt to my uncle and I, more deeply into bondage to him.

I could have told the Madison Ave-

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...a man is made of memories

Strange how memories flood back as you see yourself in your son...

The squirm and squeal of a puppy with his first boy.

The sweet perfumes of clover and weeds on a still summer day as you shuffled the well-worn walk to the river...the serious business of skipping a stone across the water.

The snowdrifts that always seemed shoulder high...and the crackle of a whistle on frozen morning air.

The smell of adventure in steam at the station...the train that flashed its friendly smile across the face of night.

The delicious shiver of a ghost story around a flickering campfire...and the falling-down barn with shredded red paint that no one dared go near at night.

The lace-necked Latin teacher with the rasp of taffeta in her voice and the love of learning in her heart.

The funny-tummy feeling on the stiff-kneed jog to the playing field.

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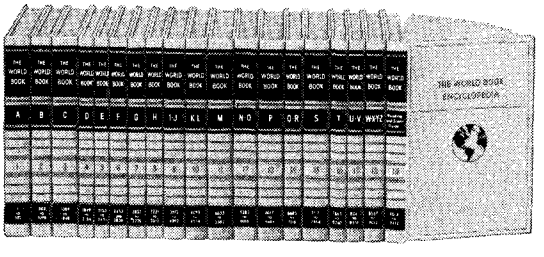

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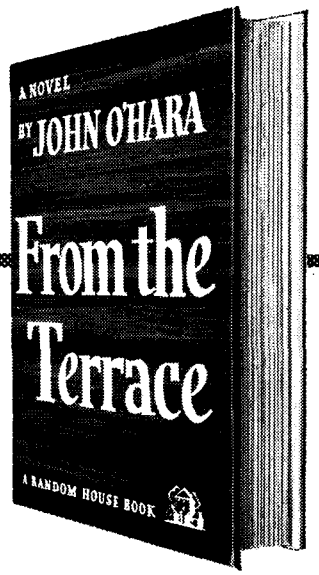

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nue boys that dishonest Quiz Shows do not pay. —HOWARD LINDSAY.

• • •

QUARANTE AND APRES

I hunted out the old, historic garments
In which I once appeared at St. Mihiel.
They have resisted moths and other varmints
And look, I'd say, astonishingly well.

Perhaps my silhouette's a trifle bigger
But nobody could think of me as fat.
How odd that one, so famous for his figger,
Can only wear the gas-mask and the hat!

—RUSSELL MCLAUCHLIN.

• • •

HERE'S ONE THAT ONLY LOOKS A LITTLE UNINTERESTING

(Or, Browsing Through a Neighbor's Bookshelf)

BY VERNON KURTZ

The Ona and Yaghan, the two southernmost peoples of the world, live in the Isla Grande de Tierra del Fuego and the Cape Horn Archipelago. The Ona and Yaghan speak unrelated languages; they also differ in—

"Maybelle! oh, Maybelle! Do come in quickly! Judge Knutson has come to call!".

Maybelle Prewitt carefully laid aside the garden trowel with a small, opaque hand. Her eyes, keen and sparkling despite her eighty-one years, mirrored a feeling of gratitude as she moved away from the burst of gladioli that—

I shall never forget the first time I ever saw Rufus MacAfee, who, many years later, was to become one of the world's foremost authorities on Dravidian Languages. The year was 1911, and I have been invited to a tea dance at the home of a friend in Gramercy Park, New York City—

The odor of incense hung heavily in the air of the room as Lotus Wong stared with sullen, revenge-laden eyes at the sunken, hollow face of Ling Lo. Suddenly, the silence was shattered by the ominous sound of a gong which seemed to come from just beyond the—

The coming Presidential campaign of 1920 is—

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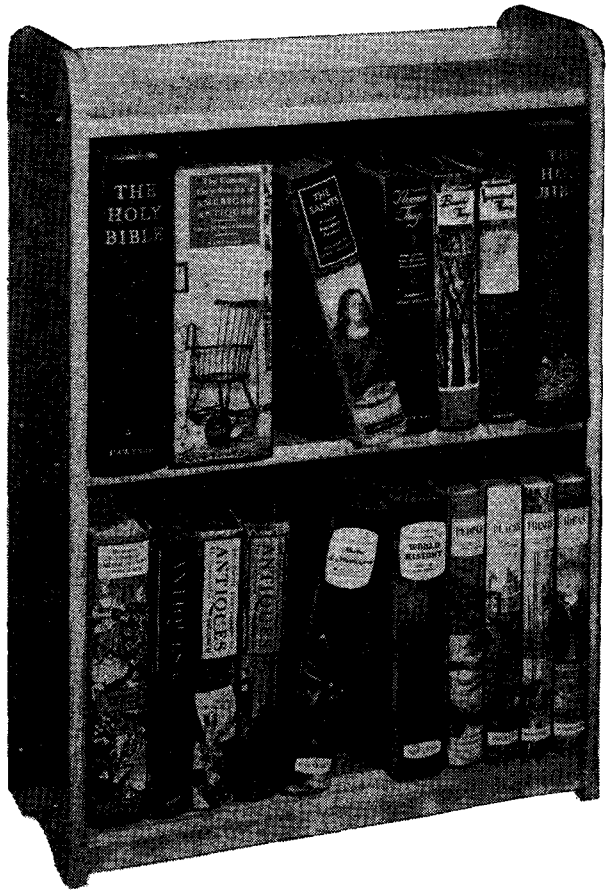

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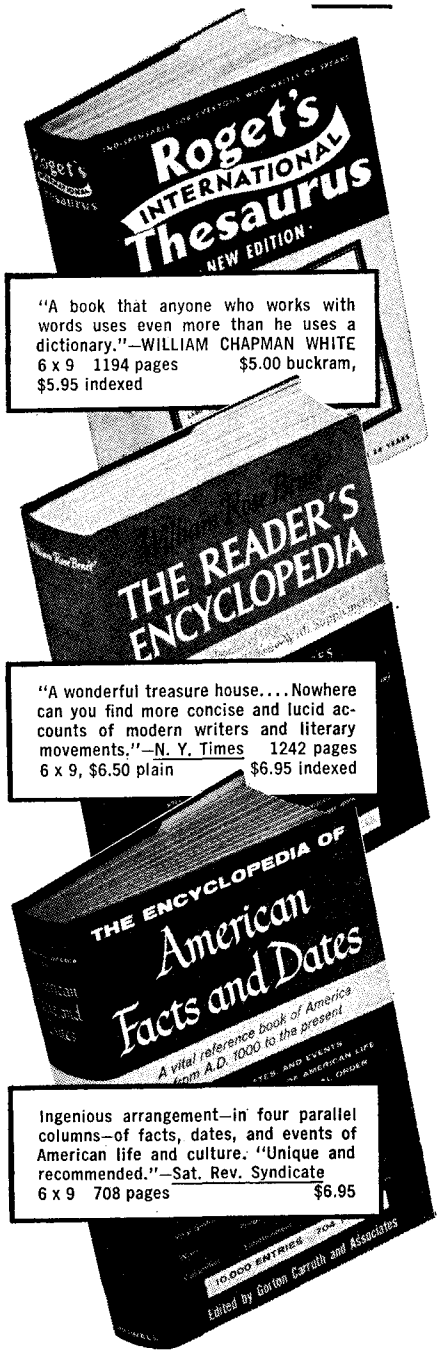
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LANGUAGE IS AN infinitely tricky thing—and so is punctuation.

As a result, it looks as if Clarence Barnhart, the dictionary king, is going to eat his words.

Not long ago in this column, Mr. Barnhart revealed the trouble he had in finding a harmless sentence for the

Thorndyke-Barnhart Junior Dictionary to illustrate the word "passionate." Every sentence he tried seemed to have a double meaning—until he at last fell upon:

"The fathers of our country were passionate believers in freedom."

"Let's see anyone," we quoted Mr. Branhart as saying, "put a double meaning into *that*."

The ink had barely dried before we received a sharp note from Joseph Rosenthal, of Waterford, Connecticut.

"All right, gentlemen," he writes. "So you challenge anyone to put a double meaning into that sentence. How about this: 'The fathers of our country were passionate, believers in freedom.' Will that pass?"

We are forwarding the information to Mr. Barnhart and his lexicographers to see if it does.

LANGUAGE ALSO HAS a lot to do with the fact that a young actor named George Ross is now employed and happy.

Some weeks ago, Mr. Ross spotted the casting news that Brendan Behan's play, "The Quare Fellow," was auditioning actors, and made the mistake of phoning for an appointment. He was told that unfortunately he had little or no chance because of the abundance of Irish-weaned actors around the off-Broadway scene.

Undismayed, he showed up at the auditions under the *nom de plume* of Taugh O'Faillon, adding a thick Irish brogue to his voice.

He not only got the job, but he is considering permanently changing his name.

LANGUAGE IS ALSO getting a lot of attention at the Bell Laboratories in Summit, New Jersey, these days.

Not content with the wizardry of the new computers that do everything but write a best seller, Edward David, the creative and articulate engineer in charge of speech signal research, is pushing toward new frontiers in providing the computers with eyes and ears.

"We're actually just beginning to try to duplicate the human functions of speech, hearing, and sight," he told us recently.

"We've already built rather primitive machines which will read anybody's handwriting, or follow the instruction of the human voice, regardless of its pitch. We're on the trail of a machine to act as a voice typewriter. We've got one machine which will recognize size and shapes—although every once in awhile, it has a little trouble with the pentagon. No offense meant against Washington, I'm sure.

"There's another one we call 'The Out-Guessing Machine,' which actually studies your psychological behavior, and then sets up a system which can lick nearly anyone when it comes to matching coins."

This was too much of a personal challenge, and we met this monster face to face. It was about the size of a large suitcase, and it glared at us with two beady illuminated eyes.

We called heads and tails in a random pattern for awhile, and got a little behind. But the lights that flashed "Machine Correct" began to get uncomfortably ahead, and we decided to fool it by calling a succession of "heads" without varying.

It took only two or three tries before the machine caught on to our machinations, and by this time we were hopelessly behind.

"Dr. Claude Shannon, of M.I.T., has a similar machine up there," Mr. David

told us. "And we're thinking of having them fight it out against each other some time. It ought to be a great battle."

THE LANGUAGE OF THE MACHINES is one thing; the language of the Beat Generation is another.

Poet Allen Ginsberg, breaking the traditions of the Waldorf-Astoria with a black turtle-neck sweater, talked with us at length recently, explaining

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the device which the neo-Dharma poets use to get their writings down on paper.

"You can't *work* at it," he said. "It's got to come in a sudden flash—like *satori*, or self-revelation, in Zen Buddhism. It's all *there*—at once—and I can guarantee you that writers like Jack Kerouac are producing stuff which will be regarded as highly as James Joyce, ten years from now."

Ginsberg is still smarting from the fact that ex-editor Irving Rosenthal of the *Chicago Review* lost his financial support as result of his enthusiasm for the Beatniks and their uncontained jargon.

"Rosenthal is in New York now, and we're launching a new magazine to be called *Big Table*," Ginsburg said. "Watch for it, because it will contain most of the stuff that's worth putting into a time capsule in this generation."

BUT THE LANGUAGE of the Beat Generation has nothing on the language of the sports carniks.

You need only spend one lunchtime at the round table at ex-racing champion Rene Dreyfus's La Chanteclair, frequented by such gentleman racers as Walter Cronkite, Bob Grier, Art Peck—and distinguished visitors like Stirling Moss. You're likely to find your head spinning with a whole new vocabulary.

"Thought we might whip down to Sebring in the Ferrari G.T., and ship the Porsche R.S. down separately," was the first sentence we overheard, and we dug into the vichysoisse with a profound sense of inferiority. We

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 822

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 822 will be found in the next issue.

ABDEFBA GY ABC

HLMDN DO ABC

GPACHHCQA, NCRCNGC

GY GAY SHCLYENC.

—RGQADN BEFD.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 821
An ideal wife is any woman who has an ideal husband.
—BOOTH TARKINGTON.

On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and, "Barefoot Boy with Cheek.")

IS STUDYING NECESSARY?

Once there were three roommates and their names were Walter Pellucid, Casimir Fing, and LeRoy Holocaust and they were all taking English lit. They were all happy, friendly, outgoing types and they all smoked Philip Morris Cigarettes as you would expect from such a gregarious trio, for Philip Morris is the very essence of sociability, the very spirit of amity, the very soul of concord, with its tobacco so mild and true, its packs so soft and flip-top, its length so regular or long size. You will find when you smoke Philip Morris that the birds sing for you and no man's hand is raised against you.

Each night after dinner Walter and Casimir and LeRoy went to their room and studied English lit. For three hours they sat in sombre silence and pored over their books and then, squinty and spent, they toppled onto their pallets and sobbed themselves to sleep.

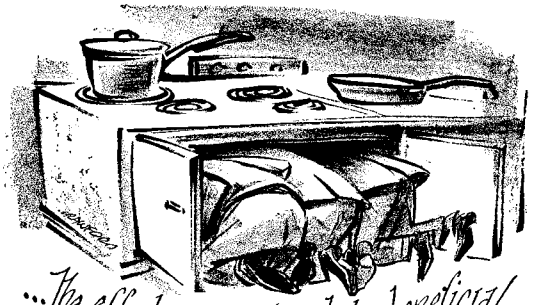
This joyless situation obtained all through September and October. Then one November night they were all simultaneously struck by a marvelous idea. "We are all studying the same thing," they cried. "Why, then, should each of us study for three hours? Why not each study for *one* hour? It is true we will only learn one-third as much that way, but it does not matter because there are three of us and next January before the exams, we can get together and pool our knowledge!"

Oh, what rapture then fell on Walter and Casimir and LeRoy! They flung their beanies into the air and danced a schottische and lit thirty or forty Philip Morrises and ran out to pursue the pleasure which had so long, so bitterly, been missing from their lives.

Alas, they found instead a series of grisly misfortunes. Walter, alas, went searching for love and was soon going steady with a coed named Invicta Breadstuff, a handsome lass, but, alas, hopelessly addicted to bowling. Each night she bowled five hundred lines, some nights a thousand. Poor Walter's thumb was a shambles and his purse was empty, but Invicta just kept on bowling and in the end, alas, she left Walter for a pin setter, which was a terrible thing to do to Walter, especially in this case, because the pin setter was automatic.

Walter, of course, was far too distraught to study his English lit, but he took some comfort from the fact that his roommates were studying and they would help him before the exams. But Walter, alas, was wrong. His roommates, Casimir and LeRoy, were nature lovers and they used their free time to go for long tramps in the woods. One November night, alas, they were treed by two bears, Casimir by a brown bear and LeRoy by a Kodiak, and they were kept in the trees until mid-January when winter set in and the brown bear and the Kodiak went away to hibernate.

So when the three roommates met before exams to pool their knowledge, they found they had none to pool! Well sir,



"...the effects were, on the whole, beneficial..."

they had a good long laugh about that and then rushed to the kitchen and stuck their heads in the oven. It was, however, an electric oven and the effects were, on the whole, beneficial. The wax in their ears got melted and they acquired a healthy tan and today they are married to a lovely young heiress named Ganglia Bran and live in the Canal Zone, where there are many nice boats to wave at.

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• • •

And here's a wave at you filter smokers. Have you tried Marlboro—same fine flavor, new improved filter and better makin's—made by the makers of Philip Morris, sponsors of this column?

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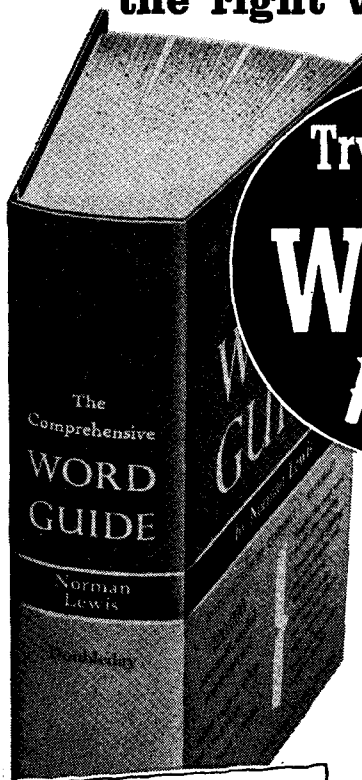

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later found that G.T. means *Gran Turismo,* which in turn means that plain, old, ordinary, square touring car, while R.S. means *Renn Sport,* the type of car that is stripped down to practically nothing but an engine, a few wheels, and an RPM indicator.

You'll also find that *accumulator* means battery; *fascia* means dashboard; *drop head* means convertible; *windscreen* means windshield; and *nave plates* are hub caps.

After that it's best to order dessert, and nod with a weak, ineffectual smile.

THE LANGUAGE OF one of the best-read bartenders in New York is rich with a combination of learned phrases and sharp invectives.

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In the modern school, he likes Hemingway, Steinbeck, and Thomas Costain.

"I'm telling you now," he said, "that Thomas Costain is a historian worthy of the name, and a novelist to match any of them. Mark my words."

When we met Thomas Costain just a few hours later, we were pleased to pass those words along.

THE LANGUAGE OF Thomas Costain was in a mood of reminiscence, and far afield from computers, the Beat Generation, sports cars, or a schooner of ale. He was talking to Fannie Hurst about reindeer meat.

"I'll never forget Stefansson, when he returned from one of his Arctic explorations," he said. "He was wild about reindeer meat and insisted that I get down to an obscure butcher shop early the next morning to get some. 'It's very tough, very expensive,' he said. 'And you won't like it.' "

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1303)
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(From "The Pig in the Barbershop")

Villaseñor told about a test paper in zoology expressing* the point of view of an ant, dividing the animal kingdom into two classes: (a) the kind and gentle animals, such as lion, tiger, rattlesnake; and (b) the ferocious ones, such as chicken, duck, and goose.

*Substituted for "written from," to get the X.

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Which American industry now betters the living of 2 out of every 3 families?

...HERE ARE SOME SURPRISING FACTS ABOUT THE TRADING STAMP INDUSTRY

SO FAR, whenever our nation's economy has needed expansion, a new industry has sprung up to help the country go ahead. The automobile industry, employing millions, was followed closely by the development of radio and radio broadcasting to make more millions of jobs. Then came the airplane industry, air conditioning, plastics, television, frozen foods, to change our lives some more.

The trading stamp industry, while not new, belongs to this expansion group and has been one of the fastest growing of all. Today it betters the living of more than 2 out of every 3 families—the 35 million American families who save trading stamps.

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The people in this industry, its merchandise and redemption stores, its warehouses and transportation and all the activity that goes on within it are integrated economically *everywhere* in state after state.

Thus it seems plain that the trading stamp industry along with the 35 million families it serves has become, like other expansion industries, a living, vital segment of our economy.

* * *

NOTE: If you would like to receive additional information about the trading stamp industry, or answers to specific questions about stamps, simply write to The Sperry and Hutchinson Company, Dept. 5H, 114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, New York.

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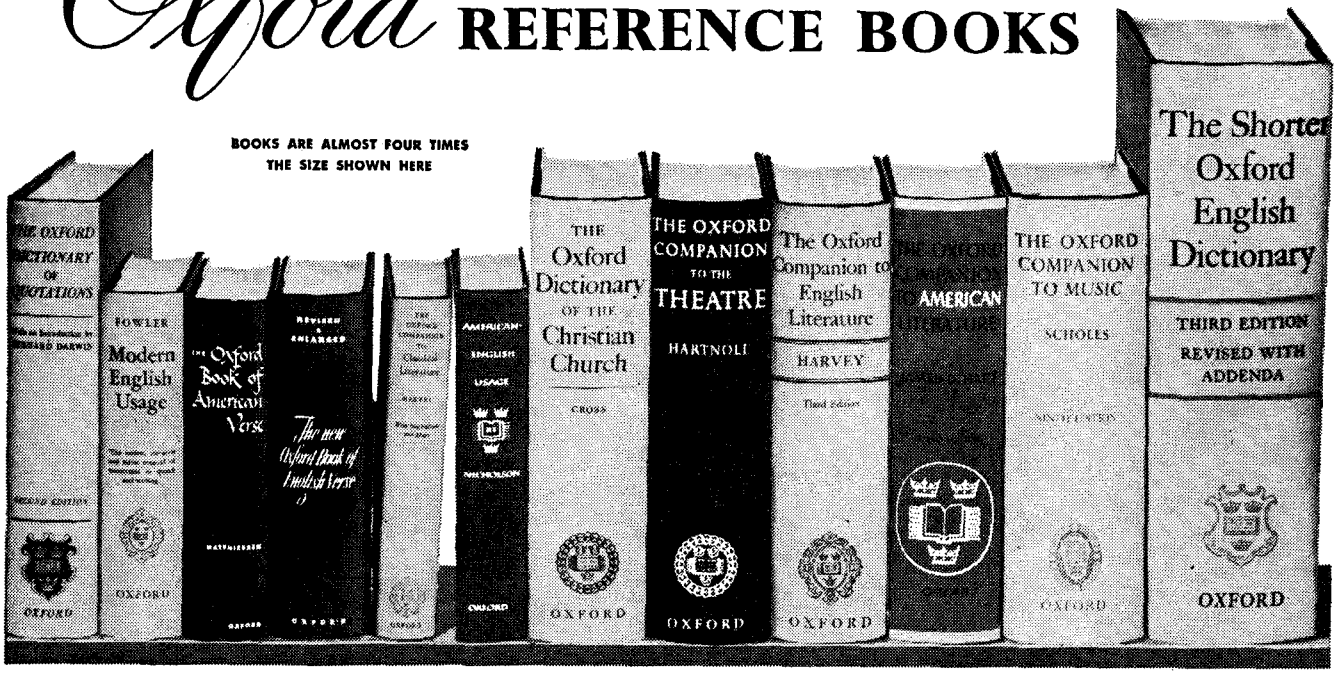

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Saturday Review
MARCH 21, 1959

ROBERT FROST

MASTER CONVERSATIONALIST AT WORK

Robert Frost was born in San Francisco on March 26, 1874. This is, in view of today's macabre fascination with actuarial tables, astounding in itself, were it not for the fact that Mr. Frost has attained such stature that one reference book, groping for adjectives, says simply, ". . . his life has been a succession of honors." That it has, and SR, *by way of a small tribute, thus salutes Mr. Frost, as he reaches his eighty-fifth year, with this birthday party in print.*

By JOHN CIARDI

IF EVER a man seemed headed for the century mark and beyond, with no diminution of his powers, Robert Frost, on the eve of his eighty-fifth birthday, seemed that man. I flew down from Newark to Miami to find him abundantly well in his winter home and at work in a small strew of manuscripts with Mrs. Theodore Morrison, the devoted companion who, for many years now, has taken the burden of details off his shoulders.

They were deep in the final arrangements of Mr. Frost's forthcoming book but put the manuscript aside to make me welcome. We talked a while. Then Mr. Frost took me on a farmer's tour of his two-acre tropical grove of avocadoes, mangoes, cumquats, loquats, limes, oranges, grapefruit, pines, palms, and dozens more. He was obviously happy walking in his garden. He had made it himself. He had made something grow, and the fact of each tree was meaningful to him.

Back in the house we talked a while, then went out to dinner, then sat and talked till midnight. The next morning we talked again, and he gave me the lines from "Kitty Hawk," which are first published in this issue. It was great talk. It always is when Mr. Frost warms to it, for he is certainly one of the master conversationalists of this age. As with any author, a forthcoming book is likely to be first in any conversation, and we began with that.

MR. FROST: I call it "The Great Misgiving." My theme is that the only *event* in all history is science plunging deeper into matter. We have plunged into the smallness of particles and we are plunging into the hugeness of space—but not without fears that the spirit shall be lost.

I am not against science. I always dislike it when people assume that because I am a poet I must be against science. But in taking us deeper and deeper into matter, science has left all of us with this great misgiving, this fear that we won't be able to substantiate the spirit. I've said that in "Kitty Hawk":

> That the supreme merit
> Lay in risking spirit
> In substantiation.

Risk is the point. Someone asked me if I thought God *could* take a chance. I said it looked to me as if he had—right from the start.

But only the Western world has really risked it. The people of the East had the great misgiving, but it arrested them. They drew back from the material because they weren't ready to take the dare of it. We in the West have learned to carry the misgiving—in just about the way you learn to carry liquor.

I've been gathering together the poems for the book. The main one is "Kitty Hawk," which is a longish poem in two parts. Part One is a sort of personal story, an adventure of my boyhood. I was down there once when I was about nineteen. Alone, just wandering. Then I was invited back there sixty years later.

THAT return after so long a time suggested the poem to me. I use my own story of the place to take off into the story of the airplane. I make a figure of speech of it: How I might have taken off from my experience of Kitty Hawk and written an immortal poem, but how, instead, the Wright brothers took off from there to commit an immortality. I knew one of the Wright brothers slightly: I had that little connection with them.

Part Two goes into the thought of the on-penetration into matter and our great misgiving.

Flight is just one more penetration, no more than that. And so one more cause of the misgiving we must all risk;

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Part Two is the philosophical part.

Then I'm putting in some little poems. I'm including "Cabin in the Clearing." And the one about the Dog, Sirius, the one titled, "One More Brevity." And one about Columbus. Those have been published in the magazines. Then there are some little unpublished things. And there's another longish one I did to read to the American Academy of Arts and Letters, titled, "How Hard It Is to Keep from Being King When It's in You and in the Situation." That's the kind of long title I sometimes like. I lifted the story of that one out of the Arabian Nights. It's one of the seldom-noted tales that has no sex in it.

It makes up into a pretty full book. It comes to about 100 pages, I'd guess, though I haven't counted them. I have a book out about once in seven years. Some of them have been pretty slim, but this one ought to be a bit longer; I've gone longer than seven years this time and I should have more to show for it.

QUES.: *If The Great Misgiving is the theme of the book, what would you say about the treatment? I mean not "thing-said" now, but more nearly "the poemness of the poem."*

MR. FROST: The way the poem goes has been the curious thing of my life. I think the whole thing begins probably in some singsong of our race. Like Mother Goose—in a way we all begin there. The song is so much more important than the thought you have.

There's thought in it; make no mistake about that. But it's as if you were walking along the street and you saw someone you knew coming toward you—someone with whom you always exchange a little banter. There, right away, something comes into your head to say to him. What's the dawn of that? The *act of having the thought* is what gives quality to the poem. The poem *is* the act of having the thought.

In a poem, you don't know what the thought is, but you do know when you've missed it.

Now there's a question—how can you tell when you've missed what you didn't know you were aiming at? I don't know how you know, but the singsong is in it.

For the poem is a thought-felt thing, and the felt part of it seems to exist in waves. The waves are what measure and let you know when you've missed or not. They are the rhythm of it—more than the rhythm: they are *the meter of our race.*

In English the meter is either strict iambic or loose iambic. If it is strict there is only one light syllable between stresses. If it is loose, the meter may have two light syllables between stresses. Then, of course, if it is strictly loose with two light syllables between every two stresses, that is anapestic.

But you can't have three light syllables between stresses. That's not in the meter of English.

There's that to the act of having the thought. There is also the *doubleness* of it. That doubleness, like the singsong of the meter, has something to do with how we are made as human beings. It is some essential part of how we think and are. There is something in all of us of the matchmaker. Man likes to bring two things together into one. He likes to make things into rhymed couplets. Not only poetic rhymed couplets, but the coupling of all sorts of things that reason rhymes together. Rhymed couplets are the symbols of this tendency in man. He lives by making associations

The Great Event Is Science. The Great Misgiving, the Fear of God, Is That the Meaning of It Shall Be Lost

From "Kitty Hawk"

By Robert Frost

PULPITEERS will censure
Our unblessed adventure
Into what they call
The material
When we took that fall
From the apple tree.
But God's own descent
Into flesh was meant
As a demonstration
That the supreme merit
Lay in risking spirit
In substantiation.
Westerners inherit
A design of living
Deeper into matter —
Not without due patter
Of a great misgiving.

Spirit enters flesh
And for all its worth
Charges into earth
In birth after birth
Ever fresh and fresh.
Why not take the view
That its derring-do
Thought of in the large
Was one mighty charge
On our human part
Of the soul's ethereal
Into the material.

Pilot though at best your
Flight is but a gesture
And your rise and swoop
But a loop the loop
Lands on someone hard
In his own backyard
From no higher heaven
Than a bolt of levin,
I don't say retard.
Keep on elevating.
But while meditating
What we can't or can
Let's keep starring man
In the royal role.
It will not be his
Ever to create
One least germ or coal.
Those two things we can't.
But the comfort is
In the covenant
We may get control
If not of the whole
Of at least some part
Where not too immense,
So by craft and art
We can give the part
Wholeness in a sense.
The becoming fear
That becomes us best
In lest habit ridden
In the kitchen midden
Of our dump of earning
And our dump of learning
We come nowhere near
Getting this expressed.

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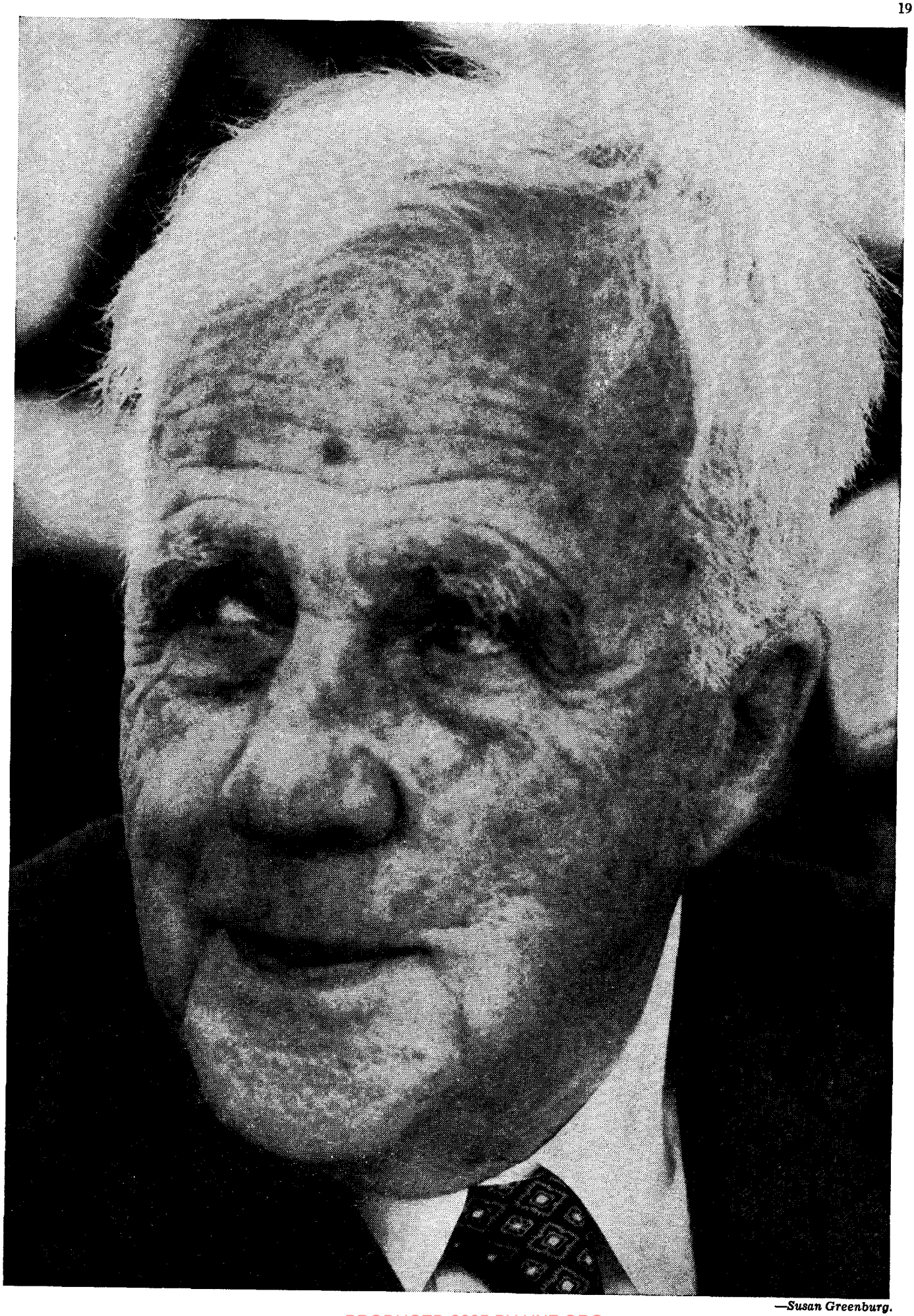

—*Susan Greenburg.*

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A Sonnet for Robert Frost But Not About Him

By John Ciardi

HE'D heard in school about the Constitution
and what he thought he'd heard, or what he got
of what was said, and claimed he had been taught,
was that free government's an institution
for making all men equal. So equated
he set up an opinion, good as any,
on anything that didn't have too many
bunglesome facts about it. So he waited
for what was his by law of equal state.
It came to very few cents on the dollar.
Somehow his equalness kept getting smaller.
He died firmly bewildered by his fate.
Confusion's bound to be the mortal sequel
to letting children think they'll grow up equal.

and he is doing well by himself and in himself when he thinks of something in connection with something else that no one ever put with it before. That's what we call a metaphor.

I couldn't do without that sense of two-ness. It's a feeling I've had from infancy, a kind of "ulteriority complex."

Some people let that gift lapse within them. A TV man came to see me once about doing a show. He wanted to talk about the necessity for individuality. I found myself thinking of what Job said: "Thou art more to me than my necessary food." But I twisted that around a little for the TV man. I said: "My individuality is more to me than my necessary group."

The TV man couldn't understand what I was saying. He had no sense of doubleness. He wanted to talk about individuality, but really he just wanted to belong to his necessary group.

All of us keep worrying about that. "He doesn't *belong*," we say. That means something to us. But sometimes you have to throw "belonging" to the winds. Those are the times when no one can help you. No priest. No psychiatrist. Nobody.

QUES.: *Can the poem help?*

MR. FROST: A poem is a momentary stay against confusion. Each poem clarifies something. But then you've got to do it again. You can't get clarified to stay so: let you not think that. In a way, it's like nothing more than blowing smoke rings. Making little poems encourages a man to see that there is shapeliness in the world. A poem is an arrest of disorder.

QUES.: *Is that what there is in it for the poet?*

MR. FROST: I've had two main pleasures. I've had pleasure in the form that a poem makes. And I've had pleasure in trying to understand what comes up—The Bomb, Billy Graham, Khrushchev—in everything as it comes up. If you mean to be a man, you have to assess the Sphinx. You have to be riddled by it. You have to find something to say to everything.

And when you say it, you've got to bother them. You've got to say something that will hold them till you can get away.

QUES.: *I'm not sure I understand what it is you have to get away from.*

MR. FROST: The word I want to use for that is "publicality." The poem goes like a marriage. It starts with a thing as private as love, and then moves to the public ceremony of a wedding. It goes from felicity to publicity. I sometimes sicken at the way people celebrate the *publicity* of my poems with no thought for their *felicity*. You have to get away from that publicity, from that "publicality," and get back to the felicity.

The great misgiving here is that you will get beyond the sound of the still small voice in your heart; that the publicity may drown it out. The fear of losing that voice need not be a terror within you, but it should be a misgiving. The risk is that you may perish ignominously when you lose the voice. That is the risk we all take. The poem is a venture into substantiation. But it *is* a venture—a risk. There must always be a chance that you will lose.

QUES.: *You've said some penetrating things about the venture the poem is: What about the venture the poet is? Not that it is possible to make a distinction in kind, really, but as a matter of emphasis, what have you felt as your "biographical" urgencies as distinct from your "aesthetic" urgencies, if I may put it that way?*

MR. FROST: I've never been much for saving the world. I've never wanted to tell anyone what to believe, but just to start a thought going to see where it comes back. I wouldn't want to be urgent about other people's beliefs; let them come to them of themselves.

The only thing I have ever been publicly urgent about is our high schools. I took a notion there and I want something done about it. I have a feeling our high schools are not up to what they used to be. They lack tone. They've been *speeded* up, but I want to *tone* them up.

Teachers no longer seem to have standing in the community. I get to a lot of places and I get to meet civic leaders at all sorts of gatherings, but no one ever thinks to invite the high school teachers. I want to change that. I want them to be important enough to be asked.

A while ago I was on a TV show in Pittsburgh and I said I wanted endowed and named chairs in the high schools to give the good teachers some stature and position in the town as the Such-and-Such Professor of Something. As a starter, I asked for two in the Pittsburgh high schools, say, a Willa Cather Chair and a Hervey Allen Chair—they both came from Pittsburgh.

A few days later I heard that the foundations had given $15,000,000 for chairs at the University of Pittsburgh—just to show me that they didn't care about the high schools, maybe. That same money could have set up a lot of chairs in different high schools. Say it takes $200,000 to endow a chair—$15,000,000 could have set up seventy-five of them to start with.

I want the foundations to do it and two or three people have shown interest. There are problems to it, to be sure, but nothing that can't be overcome. And I want it done. That's the one public thing I've decided to be urgent about.

QUES.: *If that has been your one public urgency, what do you think of as your personal urgencies?*

MR. FROST: My urgent wish has been to write two or three poems—just a few—that will be hard to get rid of. For the rest, I've always done it poem by poem, as it came to me to do.

What I care about is the hardness of the poems. I don't like them soft. I want them to be little pebbles, but placed where they won't dislodge easily. And I'd like them to be little pebbles of precious stone—precious, or semiprecious.

The difference between just any pebble and a precious stone is that the

(*Continued on page* 54)

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A Native to the Grain of the American Idiom

By LAWRANCE THOMPSON, *who is a professor of English at Princeton University and has been for years a biographer of Frost.*

TEN years ago, when the United States Senate helped celebrate Robert Frost's seventy-fifth birthday by extending to him the formal "felicitations of the Nation which he has served so well," many of his friends urged that the bard had earned his right to retire from any further demands of an adoring public so that he might tend his own Vermont and Florida gardens in peace. They should have known better than to wish him that kind of retirement or to imagine that even if he had tried to escape he would have been left alone. Instead, during the past ten years, he has extended his value to us in so many new ways and with such characteristically saucy wit and seriousness as to bring new glory not only to himself but also to his country. So with gratitude as well as love we salute him on his eighty-fifth birthday as our most renowned and our most cherished poet.

If we wonder why the nation at large has responded, as it has, with new warmth to Robert Frost in recent years after we might have assumed he had already achieved an enviable zenith of esteem, one answer might be that during this our latest period of national uncertainty and self-doubt, he has remained ("though by a world of doubt surrounded") a steadfast witness-tree to that kind of traditionally guarded Yankee optimism and confidence that we have so largely lacked and needed.

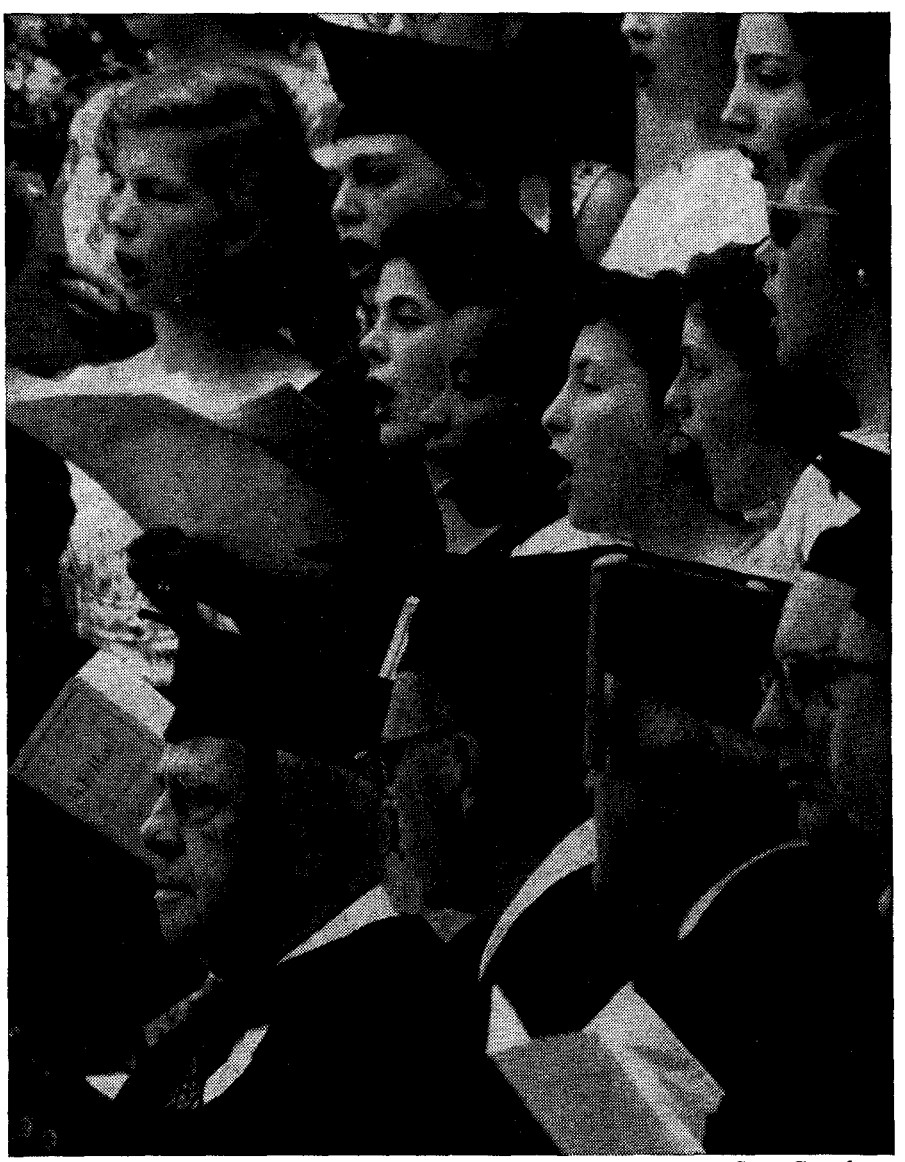
At such a time, if his cautious affirmations had sounded to us like merely cheerful whistlings in the dark he could have done nothing for us except annoy. Yet the older he has grown, the more widespread our national conviction that he has always looked steadily at the worst and yet, while becoming well acquainted with the night, has never lost his knack for seeing beyond. The contagious element of that courage based on eighty-five years of tough experience has become written so deeply into the lines of his face and his poetry that we now should know the two are one.

So perhaps the most genuine form of tribute we can pay Robert Frost on his eighty-fifth birthday is to improve our awareness of his life work as a double metaphor. Without trying to tackle the involved problem of relationships between simplicity and complexity in either the man or his art we can at least rediscover the perennial pertinence of his basic poetic themes. But before we take bearings in that restricted direction we may proudly glance back over just a few highlights of what has happened to him during the past decade.

LAST year, when Frost was named Consultant in Poetry to the Library of Congress, that appointment was hailed by some as the equivalent of naming him our Poet Laureate even though a few of his critics publicly expressed the fear that the growing popularity of his personality might eclipse the significance of his poetry. The ambiguous banter of his wit during his few press conferences at the Library of Congress ought to reassure anyone that there is no danger of his taking himself too seriously: "My ironies don't seem to iron anything out. Things stay about the same after I'm finished talking."

Almost ten years ago, shortly after his seventy-fifth birthday, his "Complete Poems" received the award of

(*Continued on page* 55)



—*Susan Greenburg.*

Robert Frost—"his Yankee practicality has found sensible service for all those silk hoods heaped on his shoulders."

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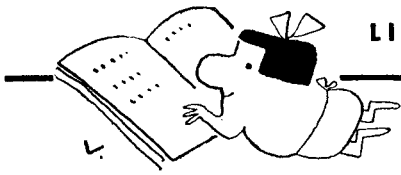


LITERARY HORIZONS

The Importance of People

By Granville Hicks

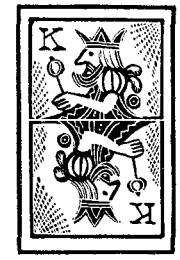
ANGUS WILSON's "Anglo-Saxon Attitudes" was a brilliant, provocative, highly complicated novel about the consequences of an historical hoax. **"The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot"** (Viking, $4.95) is by contrast simple and straightforward, so simple and straightforward that its technique seems as old-fashioned as its title. The book is, however, more serious than its predecessor and in every way a larger achievement. It is further evidence of the continuing vitality of the traditional novel.

Such evidence is welcome. Recently (*SR* March 7) I quoted from the young French novelist and critic Alain Robbe-Grillet: "It may not be a sign of progress, but it is certainly a fact, that the present age is rather that of the identity-card, the official number. The fate of the world has ceased in our time to be identified with the rise and fall of a few individuals, a few families." "The novel of character," he asserts, "belongs wholly to the past."

Robbe-Grillet is not altogether wrong in his description of the present age, which has been marked by increasing depersonalization. The phenomenon, as he says, has been effectively explored by such novelists as Kafka and Beckett and, in some of their work, by Sartre and Camus. But if more and more relationships are characterized by impersonality, this does not mean either that the individual is disappearing or that he is ceasing to be of interest to writers of fiction. What Robbe-Grillet forgets is that most of the experimental novelists from Joyce on have been concerned, almost to the point of obsession, with rendering the mysteries of the individual personality. To the casual eye Leopold Bloom may look like a nonentity, but all Joyce's magic is devoted to showing us that he is not.

As the personality is threatened, the individual becomes of increasing importance to most novelists and to us as readers. If, then, the individual is still a matter of concern, there is at least a chance that the traditional novel of character may be valid in our era, and of course, as Joyce Cary, C. P. Snow, and many others have proved, it is valid. To say this is not to disparage the experimental novel but merely to refuse to disparage the traditional novel.

What Wilson has done in "The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot" is not only to portray a person but to investigate some of the ways in which personality is shaped and some of the ways in which it may be threatened. Wilson introduces Meg Eliot as a woman of forty-three, a woman who seems to be as secure as a woman can be in this world. She loves her husband, a successful lawyer, and is loved by him. She has her outside interests—a pet charity to make her feel useful, an interest in reading, and a knowledge of porcelain to give her intellectual satisfaction. She has a comfortable social position, easily maintained by her talents as a hostess. There is not a doubt in her mind that she has been and is leading a good life, and her complete self-assurance makes a gratifying impression on her acquaintances.



Then, while the Eliots are traveling in the Far East, Mr. Eliot is killed in the attempted assassination of a local statesman. (The reader has the impression that Bill deliberately sacrifices himself, but Meg is never quite willing to believe this.) Although the immediate consequences of the blow are about what one would expect, Wilson portrays Mrs. Eliot's anguish with deep insight and warm sympathy.

Wilson is chiefly interested, however, in the longer lasting consequences, and it is after Mrs. Eliot's return to London that the meaning of her bereavement begins to be clear. That she has been left in straitened financial circumstances only forces upon her decisions that she would have had to face in any case, for of course she has to make a different life for herself. The pet charity, the collection of porcelain, and the big parties have all gone by the board, and she discovers that most of her friends were not so much her friends as friends of the Eliots. She is left with her three lame ducks, three acquaintances of her own age with whom, in her days of security, she maintained friendly relations, chiefly because she was sorry for them.

The situation has been treated often enough in soap opera, and that is one reason why it is fascinating to see how much Wilson has been able to make of it. The three friends, all of whom have lost their husbands, have solved their problems after their varied fashions, and they offer their solutions to Mrs. Eliot. In doing so, each shows her a world in which she cannot imagine existing, and finally she is compelled to recognize that she, Meg Eliot, had her reality in a world that has vanished. The result of this recognition is complete collapse.

Mrs. Eliot's only relative is a brother, David Parker, who figures lightly in the first two parts of the novel and is important in the third part. He, too, has his own world, but his world, unlike that in which his sister flourished during her husband's lifetime, is a conscious creation, for he is a more than ordinarily thoughtful man, a quietest of a nonreligious sort. He operates a plant nursery in partnership with a man named Gordon Paget, who is more than his friend—both are homosexuals—and yet not his lover. Paget dies not long after Bill Eliot, and so the brother and the sister are both bereaved.

After her collapse Mrs. Eliot lives with her brother David and gradually returns to mental stability, though only after many setbacks. As she interests herself in David's work and in his fellow-workers, the relationship between them becomes close, and a pattern of mutual dependence seems to be establishing itself. Suddenly, however, perhaps too suddenly, Mrs. Eliot realizes that this path, too, can be disastrous, and at last she strikes out on her own. She is by no means the person she was at the beginning of the book, but the person she is now is related in a direct and healthy way to the person she once was, for, refusing to be warped by her experiences, she has made them contribute to her own growth.

At one point David says that he would rather read about certain kinds of people than meet them in real life. Mrs. Eliot observes, "I couldn't be interested in novels if I wasn't interested in the real people." "A narrow conception of the art of the novel," he comments, "that would receive short shrift from any good modern critic." But in spite of David's modern critics and in spite of Alain Robbe-Grillet, most of us are more interested in people than in anything else, and it is because we are interested in people that we are interested in novels. We ask of novelists chiefly that they use their insights and their skills to make us see people more clearly than we otherwise would, and that is exactly what Angus Wilson has done.

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Solemn Statement on State of U. S. Supremacy

"Friends and Enemies," by Adlai E. Stevenson *(Harper. 102 pp. $2.95), concludes, after last year's visit with them, that our Russian rivals are much more formidable than most of us have realized. Harrison Salisbury's experience as former Moscow correspondent for* The New York Times *does not provoke him to disagree with Mr. Stevenson.*

By Harrison E. Salisbury

THERE are few Americans today with deeper knowledge of the source-roots of our way of life, of the principles which constitute the golden heritage of our nation, and of our tradition of ever-flowing optimism than Adlai E. Stevenson.

It is this fact which adds solemnity to the grave words with which he summarizes the beliefs which his last year's trip to Russia have left with him.

"My conclusion," he declares, "is that our Russian competitors are much tougher than most of us have yet realized—and that this time we might get licked, unless we are willing to change our habits, our political behavior and our complacent outlook on the world."

Mr. Stevenson is confident that we will rise to the challenge. The alternative? He cites to us the fate of the imperial Manchus, who disdained the mechanistic civilization of the Western barbarians, and the complacency or lack of self-discipline that led the superior democracy of Athens to bow to Spartan tyranny.

Some who read this clear, concise, well-ordered account of Russia in 1958—a Russia dedicated to technology and education, a Russia which has left the ignorance and the ineptness of czarist days long behind, a Russia marching with precise and ordered steps toward a planned future, a Russia gradually becoming a more pleasant place in which to live, a Russia in which no serious signs of disunity or disorder can be observed—may wonder whether the Soviet threat is not even more imminent and portentous than Mr. Stevenson suggests.

It is when Mr. Stevenson contrasts the progress and purposefulness of the Soviet Union with the random use and haphazard waste of Ameri-

—John Fell Stevenson (Magnum).

Adlai Stevenson riding in Leningrad subway with Russian deep-sea fisherman home on leave.

can energies that the danger we stand under emerges in clearest outline.

Americans, as Mr. Stevenson notes, fritter away "time, talent, and resources on trivialities—ranging from quiz shows to Detroit's chromium creations." Americans spend more on advertising than on college education, more on tobacco than on textbooks, more on entertainment than on urban renewal. Americans are unwilling or unable to enlist their best talents in the foreign service. Americans are unable or unwilling to conceive or support long-range plans for foreign economic aid. Americans are unable or unwilling to carry out coherent plans for cementing our relations with other countries. Americans are unwilling or unable to put national and international interests ahead of the special interests of small pressure groups or individual geographic areas.

"The next ten years," Mr. Stevenson said, "will really prove whether this nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure, and right now the prognosis is not good."

Mr. Stevenson's remarks were written before the crisis over Germany began to loom so large across the world's future. But his remarks apply with special force in the rapidly unfolding diplomatic struggle and deepening tension.

"We are losing ground nearly everywhere," he observes. "We are not taking measures necessary to stop the loss, and hardly anybody seems to care. In our complacent, happy fashion, we assume that we can't lose—that if we stand firm, persevere and damn the Communists enough, Right will surely prevail in the end."

In a sharply drawn picture of what he saw in Russia, Mr. Stevenson demonstrates why Right will not pre-

—John Fell Stevenson (Magnum).

Mr. Stevenson attending Sunday service at Greek Orthodox Church in Leningrad, one of few churches remaining in the city . . . "this time we might get licked."

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vail simply because of natural justice.

Mr. Stevenson visited Russia first thirty-two years ago. He was there —briefly—as a newspaperman. In his wide-ranging travels in 1958 he demonstrated that he has not lost the keen eye of the reporter for all his preoccupation in recent years with the art of politics. He traveled 7,000 miles across the breadth of the Soviet Union, going almost all the way east to China. He saw the great new developments in Siberia, the industries of the Urals, the great cities of European Russia. He talked with hundreds of Russians from Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev down. His pictures have freshness and his observations carry the mark of a philosophical mind.

Mr. Stevenson did not leave Russia in a mood of depression. He found flaws and cracks in the supposedly monolithic structure. His political sense told him that the Soviet system has its own built-in handicaps, not the least of which is the lack of any orderly method for the transference of power from one leader to another. He also believes that at least a few signs of the mellowing process which George F. Kennan predicted would, in time and under certain conditions, overtake the Soviets have made an appearance. But he is far from supposing that one swallow of internal relaxation is likely to bring on a summer of liberalism.

There is no doubt in Mr. Stevenson's mind that if we are to beat the Russians in the great game of world supremacy we will have to put both our minds to the task and our shoulders to the wheel.

If this we do—Adlai Stevenson has no doubt as to the outcome.

"Once we are fully aware that the system is in danger," he concludes, "I have no doubt what we will do. And that's why these reports on Russia end on a note of 'calm and final confidence.'"

Yankeephobia Fires Melting Pot

"New World in the Tropics: The Culture of Modern Brazil," by Gilberto Freyre *(Knopf. 286 pp. $5), tells of the rise and the potentialities of a new Euro-African—but distinctly Brazilian—civilization. It is reviewed here by Fillmore Calhoun, foreign correspondent, editor, and writer on national news magazines.*

By Fillmore Calhoun

THIS book originated with a series of lectures at the University of Indiana in 1944-1945, now greatly amplified and brought up to date. It reworks much of the rich material in Freyre's definitive "The Masters and the Slaves," which was published in 1946, but lacks that volume's massive impact. The repetition and re-embroidering of key points and continuing themes still echoes the lecture platform. And, lacking firm editing, the fact that the author wrote it in English does not enhance its readability.

Even so, the book conveys Freyre's style, the depth and precision of his scholarship and the sparkle of his ideas. It is a must for all social anthropologists and for anyone attempting to understand, or even to keep up with, the changing cultural and political patterns in the Americas. Here in Brazil, Freyre tells us, is a "tropical China" nearly as large as the forty-nine states, which, like China before the Communists, has seemed able to absorb all cultures and all races. A "genius for compromise" has built "a humane, Christian, and modern civilization," an ethnic democracy where there is "almost perfect equality of opportunity for all men, regardless of race or color." In doing so, the sprawling child of Portuguese aristocrats who intermarried with the Amerindians, who in turn intermarried with imported African slaves—after which everybody seems to have intermarried with everyone else—Brazil has developed its own unique and maturing personality.

This shows dramatically in architecture, which has attempted, through the use of wide verandas, arcaded streets, and lush landscaping, to adapt living to the land—and the heat. Science helps out too and so do the centuries of experience that both Portuguese and Africans have had in the tropics. (Yet what "genius for compromise"—or synthesis—there is in the Brazilian habit of mixing Scotch whisky with coconut milk remains to be seen.)

There remains, too, Brazil's great problems of poverty and the challenge of opening up the back country and the Amazon basin. There are social distinctions—more on class than on color—regional rivalries and dangers from left and right in Brazil's free-wheeling, open-air style of politicking. But it is Freyre's contention there has been established "a general spirit of brotherhood" that transcends color, class, or religious prejudice.

Brazilians are becoming proud to be Brazilians and with this goes an increasing sense of solidarity with the Asiatic, African, and Indo-Hispanic nations. The old "Colossus of the North" is still expected to provide loans, economic aid, and trade outlets, but Yankeephobia is on the increase while sympathy with Russia grows at the same time. This is due to Russia's official stand against racial discrimination—even though the Kremlin leaders and the upper-echelon managerial class are now all predominantly "white" Russians.

What matters is not so much Brazilian naïveté about Communism but that the U.S. keeps on being cast as Simon Legree to so many of the world's new, freedom-seeking nations. Not only has the idea of the darker-complexioned being pitted against "the whites" spread around the Afro-Asian world but into Brazil—and to many other Latin American countries as well. In showing how close this strikes home, Freyre has done a valuable service.

AN INFINITELY HUMBLER part is that played by the modern book designer, writes Ruari McLean, himself a typographical designer, in his **"Modern Book Design"** (Essential, $4.75). Gone are the days when monks sat patiently lettering cherubim-entwined initials. The contemporary book designer must content himself with more subtle plays of the imagination, using instead variations in binding, ink, paper, and margins. Yet within this scope the designer has a wide range in his efforts to create beautiful books. The ornate letter, left, was designed in 1892 by William Morris for "Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye." More modern is W. A. Diggins's work, right, for the Peter Pauper Press 1948 "Gulliver's Travels."

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Digest of Diverse Ideologies

***"Five Ideas That Change the World," by Barbara Ward** (Norton. 188 pp. $3.75), offer the substance of the British political analyst's lectures at the University College of Ghana. Frank Altschul, who abridges her views for us, is chairman of the Committee on National Policy of the National Planning Association.*

By Frank Altschul

THIS latest volume from the gifted pen of Barbara Ward consists of five lectures which will be of interest to an American audience not only for their content, but for the nature of the gathering to which they were originally addressed. These lectures, it should be noted, were delivered at the University College of Ghana, and accordingly suggest a cultural advance far greater than many of us would have imagined in this new nation, but recently emerged from colonial status.

The subjects dealt with under the title "Five Ideas That Change the World" are nationalism, industrialism, colonialism, Communism, and internationalism. It was something of a tour-de-force to summarize so vividly in brief compass the more striking features of such complex concepts. In this Miss Ward has succeeded admirably, although she would surely agree that such novelty as there is lies rather more in presentation than in substance.

As a prelude to a review of the manner in which the nation state came into existence, Miss Ward emphasizes that, whether a government be despotic or democratic, in the last analysis it "rests on its ability to impose its policies and to achieve its will. This is the absolute sovereignty exercised by the state alone." It "is thus the nodal point of all our problems." And by way of sounding a note of warning, she asserts that "the greatest danger of nationalism in our modern world is that its loyalties are too narrow. It does not admit of obligations beyond its own frontiers, of rights and duties which transcend the state"—an assertion which would seem somewhat too sweeping in view of the extent to which we and, at the very least, the United Kingdom have recognized and assumed far broader responsibilities.

Turning to the question of industrialism, the author lays stress on the fact that as "the great majority of the human race still lives in more or less pre-industrial societies . . . their problem is to make the decisive change from their traditional, largely static economic methods to the new possibilities of dynamism inherent in modern technology." But the difficulties lying in the way are not minimized. "In underdeveloped communities, there are no groups of people with entrepreneurial capacity to carry on independently the tasks of production"—a circumstance which those administering foreign aid have more than once encountered.

Having graphically described the retreat of European colonialism, with its unliquidated remnant largely confined to Africa, Miss Ward makes passing reference to "Russian colonialism in Europe and possibly in parts of Asia"—a topic which might have merited more extended treatment. But this is an omission for which she makes full amends in her biting analysis of the economic fallacies and human failings of Communism.

In these times of trouble, it is only too natural that in the last lecture, entitled "Internationalism," Barbara

—*Wide World.*

Barbara Ward—"tour-de-force."

Ward should have joined in the search for some promising avenue of escape from the catastrophe which hangs over a world so deeply divided. Caught between an old allegiance to "national interests and total sovereignty" and a new "fumbling toward concepts of peace under law," she urges that "every effort of diplomacy, every means of rallying world opinion, every instrument of publicity and public education should underline Western readiness to accept the basic institutions of a law-abiding world society and to negotiate for years, for decades if necessary, to bring them into force."

But how this is to be achieved while there is violent disagreement between the Communist and the Western world in regard to the nature of man, his relationship to the state and the basic principles of law and justice remains the challenging, the unanswered question.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

SPECIAL FOR OPERA BUFFS

Enrico Caruso set what is surely an all-time record by appearing in seventeen opening nights at New York's Metropolitan Opera House in the eighteen years between 1903 (when he made his debut on opening night) and 1920. Below are listed the roles he appeared in on those occasions. Mary S. Bryan of Ibiza, Baleares, Spain, who bases her quiz on "Opening Night at the Met: 1883-1958," by Irving Kolodin (*SR*, Oct. 25, 1958), asks you to identify the operas and the year or years in which Caruso played the specified roles on opening night. Key Columns Two and Three on Column One. Answers on page 35.

1. Cavaradossi	( )	"Adriana Lecouvreur"	( )	1903
2. Des Grieux	( )	"Aida"	( )	1904/1908/1911/1917
3. Duke of Mantua	( )	"Armide"	( )	1905/1909/1913
4. Eleazar	( )	"Un Ballo in Maschera"	( )	1907
5. Enzo	( )	"La Gioconda"	( )	1910
6. Maurizio	( )	"La Juive"	( )	1912
7. Nadir	( )	"Manon Lescaut"	( )	1914
8. Radames	( )	"Les Pêcheurs de Perles"	( )	1915/1918
9. Renaud	( )	"Rigoletto"	( )	1916
10. Richard	( )	"Samson et Dalila"	( )	1919
11. Samson	( )	"Tosca"	( )	1920

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Shifting Prisms in a Durrellscape

***"Mountolive," by Lawrence Durrell** (Dutton. 318 pp. $3.95), is the third volume in a projected tetralogy, set in modern Egypt, in which the same characters appear seen through different points of view. Leo Lerman, who writes about this latest novel, is a contributing editor at* Mademoiselle *and the author of many essays about contemporary writers and writing.*

By Leo Lerman

REVIEWING Lawrence Durrell's "Mountolive," the third book of his proposed tetralogy—of which "Justine" and "Balthazar" have already been published—is like having to judge what seems to be the best thriller in the world before its final pages have been published. Anything could happen on those ultimate pages: the obvious murderer be revealed as victim, the sure-to-be victim murderer, honest men thieves, apparent whores ladies of great virtue. The book itself (Durrell's four volumes must be considered as one) might become a very great fictional work or remain, at least, a most extraordinary venture, a work which, while entertaining a multitude of readers, opened the door to those diligent in the craft of fiction writing, intimating a new method, a new approach to that craft.

Early in "Justine," the initial section of Mr. Durrell's work in progress, Justine herself, sitting before multiple looking glasses at her dressmaker's, says, "Look! Five different pictures of the same subject. Now if I wrote I would try for a multidimensional effect in character, a sort of prism-sightedness. Why should not people show more than one profile at a time?" And in this tetralogy Durrell is concerned with the many-times refracted image. He creates a teeming, outsize, sun-blazing, sex-hot world, surely transcribing it from Mediterranean worlds he has known.

Durrell has lived almost all of his life in lands surrounding the sea of antiquity, and the scene of his novel is substantially Alexandria, Cairo, a Mediterranean island that perhaps is the Cyprus of his "Bitter Lemons." He peoples his world with a numerous company of almost professional exotics, or so they seem to non-Near Eastern eyes. Drained of the poetry

Durrell—"Life is more a matter of Einstein relativity than Bergsonian time."

with which Durrell sees them, the naked facts of their lives set down without the magic which he perceives in them, these people are as sensational and bizarre as any figures upon the silent screen.

Here is Justine, mysterious, an Egyptian-Jewish Aphrodite, involved with at least three men. Here is Nessim Hosnani, Justine's husband, wealthy as only men seem to be in Greece, in the Near East. This Copt is suave, suspect, moving ambiguously in Alexandria's highest society. He attends secret meetings. Here is Narouz Hosnani, Justine's brother-in-law, a hare-lipped primitive: this Caliban carries a vengeful whip, harbors a scorching unrequited passion, and has been known to tote a severed head as he goes the rounds of the vast Hosnani farmlands.

And here is Leila, Nessim's and Narouz's mother, whiling away time reading avant-garde literature sent her from Europe, retreating from the world. Her constant companion is a cobra. Years ago David Mountolive, a young would-be diplomat, fresh out of English schools and training, became her lover: she became his dream of Egypt. In this volume, Mountolive, Britain's Ambassador to Egypt, is confronted, at last, by Leila, now an old woman begging him for her son Nessim's life—or so it would seem. There is Clea, high in her studio above Alexandria. She says that with Justine she has had the only perfect relationship of her life. Has she? And here is Scobie—British, derelict, albeit a policeman, transvestite, Falstaff's twentieth-century child. He dies a monstrous death—or does he?

Most important, here is Ludwig Pursewarden, young successful author and member of Mountolive's embassy. He is most easily identifiable with Durrell himself, voicing many of Durrell's theories and opinions. Through his art he wishes to bring "resolution and harmony into the dying lives around me . . ." "Every novel," he says, "is *sui generis* . . . Reality . . . is always trying to copy the imagination of man from which it derived." Pursewarden kills himself, perhaps because he has made a political mistake, but more plausibly because of something to do with his blind sister, Liza, with whom he has had a Byronic sister-brother relationship. His death shifts the prisms: Durrell's world is seen festering through hitherto unrevealed wounds. But is this view at last the true view?

In Durrell's fiction, the words themselves cannot be trusted. They are beautiful deceivers, for in questing after the truth, in viewing through prisms (and, oh, what glorious rainbows prisms make when properly placed on sunny days), he has presented us with equivocation upon equivocation. He holds up his gorgeous world (I have merely suggested the richness, the exoticism of this Durrellscape) and now you see it clearly through one set of shrewd eyes and now through another and suddenly through a pair of eyes which you, the reader, have never before noticed—but they have been there all the while. The people, the streets, and houses which they throng are circumstantially the same throughout "Justine," "Balthazar," "Mountolive," but who and what they really are depends utterly upon the eyes through which you behold them. Which view is the true view: who has seen anyone or thing plain?

"Truth," says Lawrence Durrell, "is what most contradicts itself." Life, he indicates, is more a matter of Einstein relativity than Bergsonian time.

> Modern literature offers us no Unities, so I have turned to science and am trying to complete a four-decker novel whose form is based on the relativity proposition. Three sides of space and one of time constitute the soup-mix recipe of a continuum. The four novels follow this pattern. The three first parts . . . interlap, interweave, in a purely spatial relation. Time is stayed. The fourth part alone will represent time

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and be a true sequel. The subject-object relation is so important to relativity that I have tried to turn the novel through both subjective and objective modes. The third part, "Mountolive," is a straight naturalistic novel in which the narrator of "Justine" and "Balthazar" becomes an object, *i.e.* a character. . . . The central topic of the book is an investigation of modern love.

Thus far in this prodigious romantic work there are intense relationships, pathetic liaisons, magnificent characterizations, great set pieces in the grand tradition of nineteenth-century novels, situations Ouida and Robert Hitchens would have given anything to have created and in which Durrell transcends their melodramatics because he is utterly unsentimental and a marvelous poet. There are intrigue and suspense which few masters of that genre have so triumphantly sustained.

Durrell is currently almost without peer in conveying atmosphere and mood. Even if his Alexandria never existed on this earth, it is now as real as Hawthorne's Rome, Proust's Paris, Loti's Constantinople.

Durrell is also the most important and successful experimental novelist since Henry Green's best fictions were published. For at least a decade the genuinely creative novel has been flirting with the notebook form. "Justine" and "Balthazar" are novels in notebook form carried almost to an extreme. They are impressionistic, fragmentary, given to torrential gusts of poetical prose, permitting overwhelming tour-de-force bouts of narration. No fictional form is more flexible than this. "Mountolive" reaffirms the virtues of the naturalistic narrative novel. It is dazzlingly cohesive, beautifully controlled from beginning to end: within it the novelist is God. But, of course, not until "Clea," the fourth instalment of Lawrence Durrell's tetralogy is at hand, shall we know what this all means.

"Perhaps the key," writes Pursewarden in a letter to Clea, "lies in laughter, in the Humorous God? It is after all the serious who disturb the peace of the heart with their antics . . ." Mr. Durrell, serious artist that he is, not only disturbs the peace of his readers' hearts, he frequently wrecks it.

The Destiny of Today's Truth

"The Mountain Giants," *translated by Marta Abba (Crown. 277 pp. $3.95), and* ***"Short Stories,"*** *translated by Lily Duplaix (Simon & Schuster. 303 pp. $3.95), are both selections from the works of one of Italy's foremost writers,* ***Luigi Pirandello.*** *Mark Musa of Johns Hopkins University, who interprets Pirandello's often enigmatic prose, is the translator of Dante's "Vita Nuova."*

By Mark Musa

WHAT is truth? Where is it? Can we reach it? The problem of truth is basic in almost all of Luigi Pirandello's plays. In order to appreciate more fully the three plays which Marta Abba has chosen to translate in her volume "The Mountain Giants," it is important to understand the very particular poetic world of Pirandello. In "Six Characters in Search of an Author" Pirandello brings together, juxtaposes, and resolves the basic themes running through both his earlier and later plays.

Fundamental to the problem of truth is the conflict between *having form* and *being form*. All that which *has form* is condemned to the continual changes of that form, which eventually destroys itself. All that which *is form* is immutable and eternal in space and time. Every work of art, every character born in the mind of an author and given life through his pen, *is form*. The character is fixed in a form, and for this reason he can never change. Every time his story is read he will always be doing, saying, and suffering in the same way. A human being, who *has form*, for the very reason that he *has form* and because of his very nature, must change from day to day.

The Father in "Six Characters" continually emphasizes this human condition: "What is true today is destined to be illusion tomorrow."

The Father, as every other character, *is form*, but, as the symbol of a human being, he rebels against being fixed in a form. He rebels against being caught and fixed during an ugly moment of his life and having to be judged by this alone. His position, however, is false, because no human being can be fixed in a form. Nevertheless, all of Pirandello's characters possess this dual force: as characters, they *are form*, immutable and eternal; as symbols of human beings, they *have form*, and they are subject to the changes and eventual destruction of that form.

The Father is well aware of this dilemma, and throughout the play he points it out to the Director and the actors. Life changes from one day to the next; it is not fixed or stable. When a person attempts to stop his life at a certain point in order to assume a fixed position or form, he is no longer living. He is attempting to change life into a form created by his own fantasy as in "Henry IV"; or he is attempting to become a character in an illusory play as in "The Game of the Parts." This dilemma is particularly emphasized in "When Someone Is Somebody," which Marta Abba has wisely chosen to include in her book.

To return to the question of what is truth: Pirandello answers this question in the closing stage direction of "Six Characters." This is a part of it:

> Behind the backdrop, as if by mistake, a green reflector will light up and this will project largely and clearly the shadows of the characters with the exception of the Young Boy and Girl. The Director seeing this will run terrified from the stage. From the right side of the backdrop walking very slowly comes the Son followed by the Mother with her arms stretched towards him. Then from the left side comes the Father. They stop in the middle of the stage and remain there as if they were in a trance. . .

Properly executed, this stage-direction should show Pirandello's resolu-

(*Continued on page* 49)

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If There Is to Be Mobilization

RECENTLY, the radar screens of our military defenses picked up some unidentified flying objects. The U.S. Strategic Air Command immediately dispatched jet bombers armed with nuclear bombs in the direction of the Soviet Union. While the bombers were still well on this side of the border of the Soviet Union, the markings on our military radar screens were positively identified as a migration of large birds. The order went out in time to stop our planes.

The incident has served to call attention to the system set up by our armed forces for retaliating against "surprise" attack. We now have plans for launching a crushing nuclear counterattack within seconds after we discover that an enemy is on his way to attack us. First, we have jet bombers loaded with large nuclear bombs on twenty-four hour alert. Second, as soon as suspicious objects are sighted on our radar screens, our bombers are sent winging towards the Soviet Union. Third, these bombers must turn back from their target unless they receive specific orders to continue on their way when only two hours away from the enemy border.

The balancing act on the brink becomes increasingly precarious. Let us suppose that Soviet radar screens were to pick up markings caused by a massed flock of geese. Suppose the Soviet Union has its own "fail safe" system by which its bombers are allowed to come within two hours of American territory before the attack order is confirmed. Suppose our own radar screens detect the existence of Soviet planes coming towards us only a few hours away. Suppose our SAC system goes into immediate operation and we send our own bombers winging towards the Soviet Union. With bombers from each country approaching the other, neither side is going to draw back.

Meanwhile, available time for detecting error or coping with accident is shrinking almost to the vanishing point. The intercontinental ballistic missile will cut the distance between the United States and the Soviet Union from hours to minutes. The Soviet already claims to have perfected such a missile. The United States expects to have one before long. The significant feature of an intercontinental ballistic missile, other than the fact that it can carry a hydrogen bomb across the Atlantic Ocean in about ten minutes, is that there is no way of calling it back once it is dispatched. If it is released as the result of human error in diagnosing a radar screen, or out of faulty military intelligence regarding the plans of a potential enemy, then all men on earth stand condemned by the error and all must pay.

When Prime Minister Harold Macmillan returned from his recent visit to the Soviet Union, he emphasized that he believed the great danger of a world nuclear war stemmed not from the intent of any nation to start one but rather from an accident or a miscalculation. Perhaps he had in mind the possibility that a pilot in a plane armed with a hydrogen bomb might go berserk. It wasn't long ago that a colonel in a French army plane took it upon himself to bomb an Algerian village. Or perhaps the Prime Minister was thinking of an accidental large nuclear explosion that might be misinterpreted as an attack.

There is also the danger that the strain on the nerves may be too severe to sustain for the men at the ultimate triggers. Just the other day, Secretary of Defense Neil H. McElroy told a Congressional committee that this nation might not be able to stand by its promise not to hit first. He was responding, of course, to the fact that there is no longer any workable military defense, and that each side now stands at the absolute mercy of the other. And he felt impelled to warn the Soviet Union that one false move might mean that the United States would push every button on its switchboard of instant annihilation.

Doubtless, there are men in the Kremlin who take the same quick-trigger view of us.

Meanwhile, life for everyman goes on as usual. People attend to their business: they make plans, pay premiums on their life insurance, build new homes, spend evenings in front of their television sets, write letters to their children at college, read their newspapers, and assume that questions of war and peace can best be handled by people in government. There is only the thinnest awareness that the problem has already billowed out far beyond the means or capacity of people in government. The most significant aspect of the current crisis is that the national sovereign governments are floundering and, indeed, are intensifying the peril by refusing to create the only basis on which a common security can be built; namely, a pooling of sovereignty under world law.

What is most needed today—and this holds for all peoples and not just the peoples of the United States or the Soviet Union—is massive assurance of wisdom and restraint rather than nervous proclamations that one side or the other is all set to unleash the nuclear terror. It would be in greater keeping with our history if we were to announce, not that we were all primed to press the ultimate trigger, but that we would rather die ourselves than start a world nuclear war. And it would help to serve the cause of all history if we were to make known with absolute sincerity our own iron determination to put an end to the runaway nuclear race under enforceable safeguards that would be binding on all. And if we speak of mobilization, let it be the mobilization of purpose and resources in combatting hunger or disease or injustice —abroad or at home.

Our security depends on control of force rather than on the pursuit of force. It is not enough for the governments to recognize this. The citizen must recognize it, give it priority over his personal affairs, and create the kind of mandate that can give leadership to leaders. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ON SOCIAL WORK

In Roscoe T. Foust's review of Lance Webb's "Discovering Love" (*SR* Feb. 21), he quotes the following letter a social worker wrote to a society woman, who in her offer of help described her imperfections: "Your truly magnificent shortcomings are at present too great. Nothing could prevent you from visiting them on victims of your humility. I advise that you love yourself more before you squander any love on others." And Mr. Foust adds, ". . . this apt illustration leads his readers to see what it is 'really like truly to love, and be loved.'" I suggest (1) that perhaps the society woman was *civilized* in the sense that George Meredith defines the term in his "Essay on Comedy," it being normal *for her* in her social level to discount ironically her own qualifications; or (2) that perhaps she was applying the theme of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter": "Be true! Be true! Show freely to the world if not your worst, yet some trait by which the worst may be inferred." But, assuming that she were the Uriah Heep type, unwholesomely humble, I suggest that the social worker missed an opportunity to help a sick mind; that his (or her) chief aim—possibly subconscious—was to wound someone who annoyed him; that the tone of the reply was curt, contemptuous, and arrogant—the expression of the wrong kind of self-love.

Lloyd B. Gale.

Rochester, N. Y.

TALKING IT UP

When Mr. Seldes criticizes David Susskind's program "Open End" (*SR* Feb. 21) as being too free and easy with conversation, we think he has missed the point of the program. It is a program that explores personalities as much as ideas. At 10 o'clock on Sunday night we welcome into our living room the kind of conversation that gives us human beings acting like human beings, not projecting images. The artlessness that Mr. Seldes laments is the very element that reveals the unique human qualities in each of Mr. Susskind's guests—qualities all too rarely seen in our weary search through the channels. We think Mr. Seldes has not only missed the mark, he has fired at the wrong target.

Mr. and Mrs. Elton Renfroe.

New York, N. Y.

THE KEY STATEMENT

In Harlan Cleveland's article defending the large organization (*SR* Feb. 28), be it Soviet Russia or General Motors, his key statement "—if only he learns how to operate within a large organization" leaves me unconvinced. By "learns" does he mean, as I think he does, adjusting and conforming till one bends and sways without friction to the will of the organization? Is this his way to greater freedom? Mr. Cleveland must surely disapprove of Boris Pasternak, who has never "learned" how to operate within the Communist organization. If Pasternak had "learned" to vigorously expound the doctrine of Marxist-Leninism; if he had "learned" to put his poetic talents to the service of that insatiable lover of adulation, Joseph Stalin; or, now that Stalin is dead and unfashionable, "learned" to operate in a style approved of by Khrushchev, his freedom, past and present, would have been and would be much wider. The organization hacks who have been execrating Pasternak are wiser than he. They have "learned" and are free to attack him, but his freedom is limited.

Darrel Mitchell.

Manzanola, Col.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"The old girl must be daft! She told me that someday a Rockefeller would ask for higher taxes!"

FROM VANCOUVER

Your excellent world travel calendar (*SR* Jan. 10), is greatly appreciated, but how did you overlook the Vancouver International Festival of the Arts, July 11—August 15? Your own distinguished critic, Mr. Irving Kolodin, made a significant contribution to the success of the first festival last year. This year, playing in a new $5,000,000 civic auditorium, it appears that the Vancouver Festival will approach new heights of interest and performance.

Stuart Keate.

Victoria, B. C.

BIG BIZ

In Harlan Cleveland's metaphoric terms, one might ask what magic juices act within the bowels of our modern bureaucratic "Dinosaurs"? By what marvelous chemical processes do these elixirs change such raw substances as the accretions of higher personal responsibility, the increased demands for decision making, the strong organization tensions, etc., into benign products easily absorbed and assimilated by the symbiotically attached organization man to the end that he feels not only more secure, but, paradoxically, free in his bondage?

James A. Wilson.

Goshen, Ind.

A CRUCIAL ISSUE

Your issue of Feb. 21 impressively demonstrates that the *SR* never avoids a crucial issue and that Robert M. Hutchins is one of the most lucid educators of our day. However, is Dr. Hutchins really so surprised and disconcerted that the shadow of nuclear weapons has made men and nations fearful and has led them to seek the superficial security of rigid bureaucracies and dictatorships? Is he really afraid that democratic institutions cannot reconvince the disillusioned or be strengthened by reappraisal? It is not surprising that Dr. Hutchins, as an educator, believes that the best cure of democracy is plenty of intellectual exercise. However, we need to do more than to strain our intellects to the utmost. We all have much to learn and great need to learn it, but to gain wisdom knowledge must be tempered through experience.

Joseph Stokes III.

Nahant, Mass.

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THE GREAT

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CHALLENGE

One of America's leading physicists observed recently, "...learning more about nature and about man is, to all of us, something inherently good. It is, I think, ennobling and enlarging and it is continuous with the ancient tradition of seeking to understand—and not being bewildered by—our environment and ourselves."

The physicist was Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer. He made this observation on the season's opening broadcast of THE GREAT CHALLENGE, an annual series of hour-long symposiums which is now in its second year on the CBS Television Network.

Dr. Oppenheimer was describing the role of science in our society. But his words also serve to convey the philosophy behind the program on which they were spoken. At a time when the principles of democracy are undergoing their severest test, CBS News presents THE GREAT CHALLENGE in the conviction that it is more vital than ever to examine and appraise the basic moral, political and philosophical beliefs by which we live.

Last season this series received nationwide acclaim for its stimulating contributions to our understanding of such critical questions as the direction of American education, the role of the scientist, the future of our economy, the democratic process, the problems of foreign relations and the beliefs that sustain the free world.

This season, THE GREAT CHALLENGE, which is moderated by CBS News Chief Washington Correspondent Eric Sevareid, has already presented discussions by leading world authorities on "Where Is Science Taking Us?" and "Is America Anti-Intellectual?"

Next Sunday (March 22 at 2:30 pm EST) Senator John F. Kennedy, Arthur Larson, Professor Clinton Rossiter and Dr. Merle Fainsod will appear on THE GREAT CHALLENGE to discuss one of the most vital questions of our time, "Can Democracy Meet the Space Age Challenge?" Subsequent programs will evaluate how well our press is keeping the nation informed, in recognition of the 50th anniversary of Sigma Delta Chi, the professional journalism fraternity.

THE GREAT CHALLENGE is one of a significant number of award-winning programs produced by CBS News which are designed to help the nation gain a better understanding, to use Dr. Oppenheimer's phrase, of "our environment and ourselves."

The following schedule of **THE GREAT CHALLENGE** *broadcasts will originate from New York at 2:30 pm on the CBS Television Network and will also be heard on radio on later dates over the stations of the CBS Radio Network. See your newspaper for broadcast schedules.*

Sunday, March 22:

CAN DEMOCRACY MEET THE SPACE AGE CHALLENGE?

Senator John F. Kennedy

Arthur Larson
former Presidential adviser

Dr. Clinton Rossiter
Professor of History at Cornell University

Dr. Merle Fainsod
Professor of Government at Harvard University

Sunday, March 29:

IS AMERICAN JOURNALISM MEETING ITS RESPONSIBILITIES?

Eugene C. Pulliam
newspaper publisher, broadcasting executive and honorary President of Sigma Delta Chi

John Fischer
Editor in Chief of Harper's

Barbara Ward Jackson
former editor of The Economist

J. Russell Wiggins
Executive Editor of the Washington Post and Times Herald

Sig Mickelson
Vice President of CBS, Inc. and General Manager of CBS News

Sunday, April 5:

IS THE AMERICAN PUBLIC GETTING THE INFORMATION IT NEEDS?

James C. Hagerty
Presidential Press Secretary

James Reston
Chief Washington Correspondent of The New York Times

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.
Professor of History at Harvard University

Robert D. Swezey
Executive Vice President of WDSU Broadcasting Corporation, New Orleans

Charles A. Sprague
former Governor of Oregon, and editor and publisher of the Oregon Statesman

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Eric Sevareid, Dr. Detlev W. Bronk, Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer and Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner on the season's first broadcast of THE GREAT CHALLENGE

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Wozzeck" at the Met—"Maria Golovin" on TV

IT HAS been years since the fall of a final curtain on a work new to the Metropolitan Opera's repertory was greeted with the spontaneous bravos and applause that acclaimed the conclusion of the latest one. What it plainly said was, "Welcome 'Wozzeck,' " which was only its due, of course, for the impression it made between "Aida" one night and "Boheme" another merely attested the incontestable—no comparable work for the musical theatre has been written since it was new in the 1920s.

In putting all its resources at the disposal of Alban Berg's masterpiece, Rudolf Bing has discharged a debt, closed a file of unfinished Metropolitan business and, perhaps, opened a vista of operatic things to come. Whether he has, in the process, incurred some debts of a strictly monetary sort will be known better after the scheduled repetitions (the $25 top for the benefit premiere left half the orchestra unsold, and a hurried call for "volunteers" to fill the empty seats). But there are times when even a business-minded opera management must be content to take the credit and let the cash go.

Taking one thing with another, Karl Böhm's superbly cohesive direction is giving New York the best totality of the score it has yet heard. The previous efforts of Rosenstock at the City Center and Mitropolous with the Philharmonic had distinctions relative to their surroundings, but Böhm's marksmanship clearly exceeded that generally credited to Leopold Stokowski, when he directed his Philadelphia-based production in the Metropolitan in 1931. Considering that it has been woven into the texture of a repertory season, it attested to all-out coöperation on all levels from stage hands to stage director. The results were equally triumphant for stage director Herbert Graf and conductor Böhm.

"Wozzeck," of course, differs from virtually any prior creation for the musical theatre in being devoid of most elements considered "entertaining": no arias, ballet, comic "relief," etc. It has some moments of grim humor among the prevailing heartache, but it is, essentially, a relentless playing out of marked cards held in the hands of Destiny. It is hard and unyielding, tawdry and even bestial; but, even as Marie turns to the Bible for a prefiguring of her sensualism, and Wozzeck cries out to his Maker for pity, so we must consider that even its lowliest creatures are human flesh, and the blood that is spilled in vengeance has been mingled in the eternal mystery that produced a child, the helpless victim of it all.

If Berg had responded to this challenge in terms of the erotic (of which there is virtually nothing), or of the psychotic (of which there is somewhat more) the results would have long since dwindled in interest, ceased to be the spectre haunting the Metropolitan that it has been for all this time. But every new hearing affirms in greater detail the totality of sorrowing and exaltation, which has been in it from the start. There comes a moment in Act II (the orchestral interlude after Wozzeck realizes he is a man betrayed) in which Berg's somewhat cautious and constrained use of his idiom dissolves under the surge of emotion, and he begins to move his tonal resources with a freedom and ease that results in nothing more nor less than poignant, purposeful music. The following scenes are mostly shorter, the momentum cumulative. With or without the increasingly clear suggestions of tonality, as in the famous crescendo on the unison C we are in the grip of an experience that may never attain "popularity," but challenges anyone to hear it out without taking it in.

OF TOP quality in this cast was something a believable "Wozzeck" cannot do without—a powerfully sung, vividly acted Wozzeck by Hermann Uhde. He has excellent stature for the role, a stiffly military bearing that crumbles affectingly at the appropriate time, plus the vocal sonority to make his characterization complete. He has, also (for a man born in Bremen) a surprisingly adept command of the English text—the standard one of Eric Blackall and Vida Harford, somewhat amended—reflecting his foresight in being born of an American mother and a German father.

Were everybody else of this quality, the Metropolitan's "Wozzeck" cast could be considered a string of well-matched jewels; but none, at least, were paste. Eleanor Steber's Marie is, for a singer of her background, not bad; but for Berg, it is not very good. Her puffy, well-fleshed outlines scarcely suggested deprivation and poverty, her vocalism, perversely, better than it need be. Clearly, her vocal manners are so ingrained that an unvocalized sound is resisted, even when it is the essence of what Berg called "bel parlare" rather than the time-honored "bel canto." She made a searing effect in certain passages, especially in the high-lying C-B at the climax of her Bible-reading scene in Act III, and puts in us her debt for an all-out effort. But for Marie, such a person as Ljuba Welitsch would be both crude and elemental, whereas Steber is rather a crude suggestion of the elemental.

The others in the mainly male cast range from the picturesque, if Peter Piperish, doctor of Karl Doench, to the spirited, but thick-voiced captain of Paul Franke, and the muscular, guttural sounding Drum Major of Kurt Baum. Smaller roles were capably performed by Ezio Flagello (an Apprentice), Charles Anthony (Andreas), and Alice Plotkin as the mute offspring of Marie and Wozzeck. There was admirable precision in the orchestral playing, and enormous spirit, though Böhm's inclination to a heavy brass sound created a curtain of sonority between the stage and the auditorium that had more to do with quality than quantity. But this is a conductor with a sure comprehension of the part that detail and nuance plays in a proper realization of Berg's closely written score.

Whether the whole gained from the English text is at least debatable; by Act III it didn't really matter what language was being sung, so long as "blut" was "blood" and "hopp-hopp" was "hopp-hopp." But no one without a sense of total direction could have made much of the narrative, word by word, and the English text was best when it came closest to the German original. As a final detail, Caspar Neher's scenery qualified as workable on the practically machineless stage, and was mobile within the split-timing decreed by the orchestral interludes. But it added little, in atmosphere or mood. Unlike Robert Edmond Jones's stylized "expressionism" of the old Philadelphia venture, this was blandly representational, and stylistically nondescript.

Hearing "Wozzeck" with so much high-pressured effort expended upon it, with a complement of highly talented if not wholly suitable people laboring on its behalf, stimulates a curiosity for much more knowledge about it than we currently possess. It is evident that many musical phrases and thematic elements are passed back and forth as the work progresses, and the interludes assume increasingly more importance. The last

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interlude, a dirge for the collapsed world of Wozzeck and Marie, is tensely, proudly beautiful and expressive, giving rise to a curiosity as to how it is really put together. If the present production stimulates more questions of the sort—and, perhaps, a few answers—it will have given cause to thank Rudolf Bing far beyond another new Puccini production or even "Cav" and "Pag."

In the operatic day-to-day, the same week produced another "Meistersinger" in which the Böhm-conducted cast included Aase Nordmo-Løvberg for the first time as Eva. Her good looks and promising sound in Act I induced some lively hopes for the ensuing episodes, but it soon became clear that this is a singer hampered by an inadequate technique for a theatre of the Metropolitan's size. When she could marshal her resources for a medium-voiced effort, as in "Geliebter, spare den Zorn" (midway in Act II), the sound had a clinging roundness to suit her physical appearance, but the workshop scene was woody and unreliable, the quintet without consistent focus. The only real "Mastersinger" in this cast was Karl Doench, as Beckmesser, the others being hard-pressed to make vocal ends meet.

THE telecast on NBC-TV of Menotti's "Maria Golovin" confirmed some impressions of strengths and weaknesses observed when the work was presented in its brief Broadway "run" (five performances) at the Martin Beck last winter. When he is concerned with the obsessive love affair of the blind Donato and the somewhat shallow Maria, Menotti works with an assurance and technical skill that notch his personal standard a little higher than ever before. But almost everything else is inferior in quality and interest. The best portions were admirably performed under the direction of Peter Herman Adler by much the same cast as before.

A final novelty of the week was Andre Jolivet's "Symphonie de Danses," performed by the Cleveland Orchestra under the direction of George Szell in its final visit of the year to Carnegie Hall. Assuming that one was unfamiliar with Dukas's "La Peri" or Stravinsky's "L'Oiseau de Feu" or Ravel's "La Valse" it could be described as colorful and no more than moderately time-consuming. If one had heard at least one of the foregoing, it could better be termed a pot-"Peri" of the dance pieces French composers have been writing since Berlioz's "Un Ball" in the "Fantastique." It was brilliantly performed.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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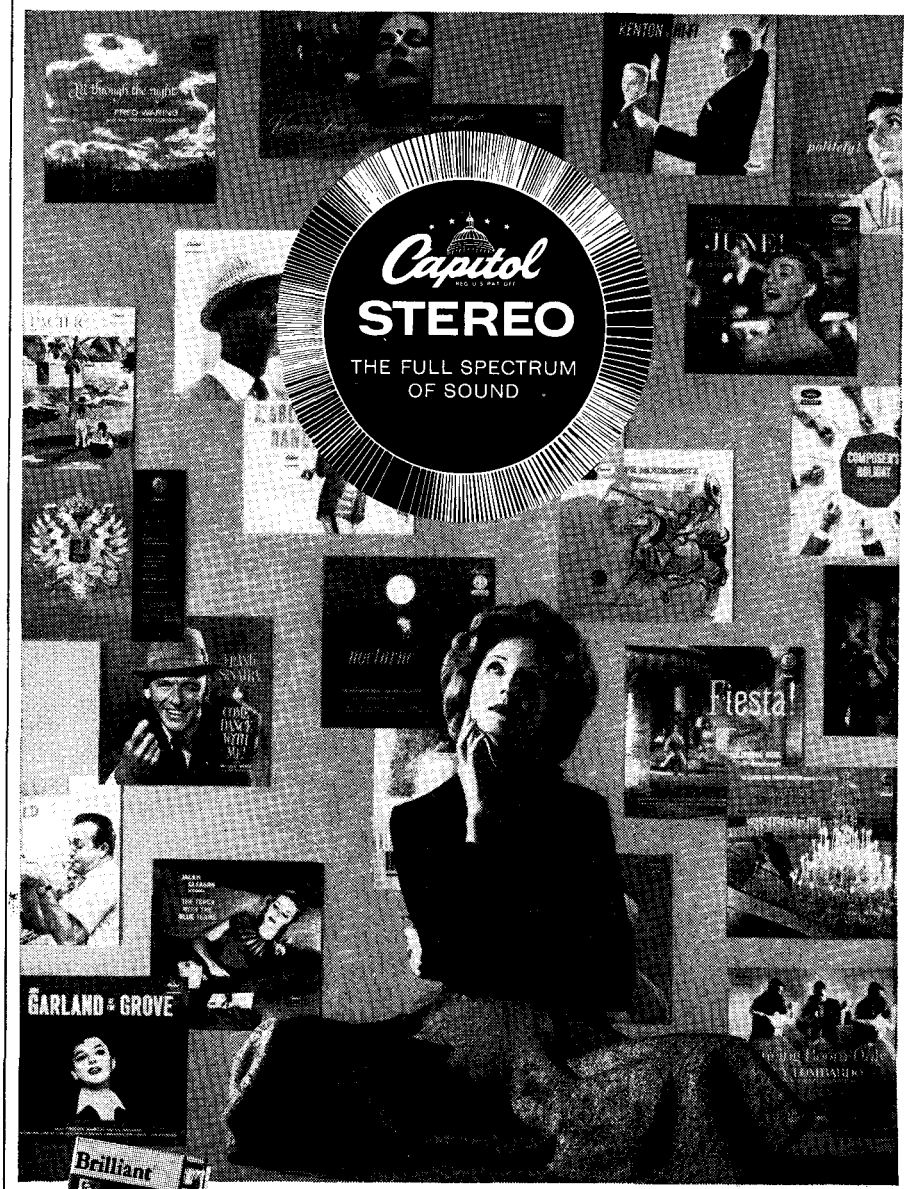

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Other Bergman

ALTHOUGH "Smiles of a Summer Night," and "The Seventh Seal" have attracted a certain amount of attention from those who regularly patronize their local art cinemas, the name of Ingmar Bergman is not so well known as it ought to be, and probably will be. Bergman is a forty-year-old Swedish director who has written most of the twenty movies he has made—a peculiarly fortunate combination of abilities that allows his films to express exactly what almost all other movies, with their multiplicity of craftsmen and egos, lack—a sense of personal vision. In Paris and other European centers, Bergman has already been taken up as an important cultural and artistic phenomenon (five of his films recently played simultaneously in Paris), and the film festivals at Cannes, Berlin and Venice have duly recognized his worth with plaques and statuettes of varying inscriptions and metals. **"Wild Strawberries,"** the most recent of his movies to be seen here, will help focus more attention on Bergman in this country, although judging by the reception of the other films of his in American release, is not likely to be popular, nor to attain very wide distribution.

I hesitate to say that Bergman's films are for the connoisseur, for that implies that their appeal is snobbish and even esoteric. It's already possible to determine whether someone is middlebrow or upperbrow, depending on whether the word Bergman suggests Ingmar or Ingrid. There is no real reason why reasonably large audiences shouldn't find his movies stimulating. They have enormous visual appeal, are excellently acted, and his themes are universal rather than national or regional. They often do have the dark, gloomy preoccupations that Swedish films, not to mention Strindberg's plays, have exhibited in the past, but the modern movie can probably use a good dose of gloom about man's spiritual condition. Yet, even the delightful, wickedly erotic "Smiles of a Summer Night" crept in and out of art houses without causing much fanfare, except among an appreciative few. The heavier, allegorical "The Seventh Seal" was more difficult, and I suppose required more from audiences in the way of intellectual response. Nevertheless, the small company that arranges for the American distribution of Bergman's films is singularly hesitant about publicizing him. He is not nearly so well known, or often heard of, as Fellini, the only other film-maker in the world today who approaches Bergman in stature, if not productivity.

"Smiles of a Summer Night" (shown here last year) was reminiscent of a Rene Clair grown more introspective and ironic. Its marital infidelities and amorous intrigues in a turn of the century Swedish setting were beautifully and deftly acted, although a contretemps occurred in the American showing. During a passage in the film when a young wife and her maid are discussing indecorous matters the sound track continues in Swedish, while the subtitles disappear. The Swedish-speaking members of the audience (very few, naturally) laughed at the dialogue; the rest of the audience laughed at the censors. "The Seventh Seal" was opened here with such secrecy—one might have thought, for instance, that the Paris Theatre in New York was showing contraband goods—that it took word-of-mouth and Bosley Crowther's appreciative review to get it any audience at all. A member of the releasing organization explained that it was the policy of Bergman to avoid publicity, to let him "catch on" slowly. *How*, one might ask, if no one hears about him?

THE rather uncapitalized Swedish film industry, of course, hardly has the resources for widespread publicity efforts in behalf of its films abroad. Bergman himself has resisted coming here, and even more wisely has resisted Hollywood's offers. The average Swedish movie costs about $100,000 less than the price of a cheap American monster movie, and about one-third of the sum Ingrid Bergman gets for one screen appearance. This irony aside, the other Bergman has shown that he isn't the least hampered by a need for rigid economy. He tends to use the same group of actors for most of his films; an actor who takes a large role in one may be given a small role in the next. In "Wild Strawberries" the photography is not only impeccably professional, it is exquisite, worth seeing even if the story failed to interest—something hard to imagine. The most precious commodity in the movie is what Bergman brings; there's no way of pricing it.

The framework for "Wild Strawberries" is deceptively simple: it is a tale of one day in the life of an elderly professor of medicine, who is being honored for fifty years of service. But within the frame are fascinating complexities, minglings of dream and reality, of past and present. The time shifts and backflashes, although on occasion cumbersome, are achieved with lucidity. The professor is played by Victor Sjostrom, once a famed director of silent films who returned to acting after a frustrating Hollywood career and who is now Sweden's most eminent actor. His performance is remarkably subtle and sensitive, as he lives through a dream-like day and a past that is nostalgic and painful.

Even more painful are the nightmares he must endure throughout the day. The first takes place just before he awakes. The dream is of his own funeral, and before the day has ended the starkly visual symbols of the dream recur in distorted form, as though the events of the day were foreshadowed. In other dreams and reveries he is led back to his past life (particularly to that turn of the century period on which Bergman evidently likes to dwell in his own imagination). The vignettes and cameos recall a lost love, an unfaithful wife, an idyllic glimpse of his parents. The old man, we discover, has been living in a shell of isolation, avoiding intimate human contact because it might result in pain. Here we encounter another prevalent Bergman theme. The ending he has chosen for the old man's day is a relatively peaceful one, but not before he puts him through the worst nightmare of all, one in which his medical qualifications are seemingly reviewed. It turns out, however, to be an examination of another kind.

In this same hallucination the professor catches his palm on a nail, and as he holds up his hand we see for a moment a wound resembling a stigmata, meaning perhaps, that his day is a kind of Passion for him. Bergman's father was a preacher, and because Bergman's work includes the personal element these religious symbols tend to recur in his stories, sometimes adding to their obscurity. His preoccupation with the symbolic detail makes all that he does interesting, even haunting, but probably detracts from the popular appeal of his movies. Nevertheless, he is not so obsessed with his personal message that he fails to communicate, even to entertain. There isn't much doubt that Bergman has, almost single-handed, brought back the Swedish film to its once high eminence. As more of his pictures are shown here, evaluations of his meanings and importance will grow more precise. Meanwhile it is time to know him. "Wild Strawberries" makes a fine acquaintance.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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TV AND RADIO

Postoperational Joy

YOU have been put to death—efficiently, without passion (and even without pain); you have been cut in two; and then you are brought back to life. After the sense of surprise (and the gastric pains) pass, a certain elation is in order. It is not induced by the TV set at the foot of your bed, but in your hand is an object only a little bigger than a package of cigarettes. Out of it there flows, into you, a sense of omnipotence. Nothing connects it with your set, but you go click and the station-selector turns and the program you're tired of gives way to another of which you will tire in a few moments. The little box also turns the set on and off and permits you to expunge the sound, but these are trifles. The big thing is that, without going anywhere near the set, you can shift from station to station. It may doom television—or save it. And since there is a faintly religious aura about my vocabulary of resurrection and omnipotence, I might as well go on and say that perhaps the miracle of being lost and then saved is what television needs.

I am thinking particularly of the daytime programs. After some five years, I renewed my acquaintance with the serial and the first words I heard were, "You seem to think it makes any difference to me *who* killed my mother!" I met for the first time one of several programs offering advice to the perplexed and had the delight of hearing, "We will take up the problem of the woman who couldn't have a child after hearing the next two commercial messages"—messages I found more urgent than deterrent to childbirth. But the presumptions back of these programs struck me as arrogant and dangerous.

A woman writes, in effect, "How can I get my brother out of my house? He's thirty-five and he won't do a lick of work and why should my husband support him?" The answer is harsh and sensible—but the adviser never says, "*IF* you've told me the whole story . . ." The morning and afternoon are also the spots to which defeated nighttime programs go, either by kinescope of old shows or repetitions of old formulas.

I do not think my threshold of entertainment was particularly high at the time. I was not entertained. A few days later I was on an island in the Bahamas and I heard an American say to a resident there, "You aren't very much bothered by television here, are you?"

What we were bothered by was radio and static, and it was hard to decide which was worse. During the day, local news from Nassau had its own rural charm and one heard in detail what the Girl Scouts and the Governor-General's lady were doing. Also Miami. After sunset you never knew what station would come in—Cincinnati, Raleigh, Washington—but Miami always came back, especially the station that had a singing commercial to announce that it was going to broadcast the weather—which then had its own sponsor with *his* singing commercial. Unless something had happened in the field of segregation, nothing of national interest was ever allowed in the first five minutes of a news broadcast. The total report on an event that caused something of a stir (as I discovered on my return) was that talks between Macmillan and Khrushchev were proceeding despite some rude remarks made by the latter.

NOT that we lacked surprise. Once, a mellow voice—using the agreement in Cyprus as a springboard—read a five-minute lecture on the imperishable love of freedom to the rulers of the Kremlin—and although the speaker was Gabriel Heatter you wondered whether the event was well-chosen and whether anyone, outside of the Kremlin, was listening.

And twice in twelve days I heard Eric Sevareid. Once on the quality of advertising, asking why the American manufacturer who took such pains with his product was so sloppy in his presentation of it, and once on the illness of General George Marshall—not omitting the slur put upon him by a Republican senator, but omitting the fact that the Republican presidential candidate did not denounce the Senator—perhaps properly because Sevareid was speaking nobly of nobility. For a few moments you could feel that static was an abomination, not merely a nuisance, and that radio might eventually catch up with television which, we have so often been told, has come of age. —GILBERT SELDES.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 6, 8, 9, 10, 5, 4, 2, 7, 3, 11, 1. Column Three should read: 3, 8, 5, 6, 9, 2, 10, 11, 7, 1, 4.

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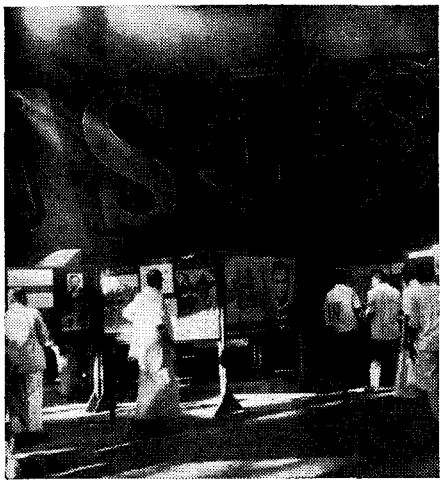

—H.S.

Fair at Madras—U.S. sells Gandhi and Lincoln. Soviets sell magazines.

MADRAS.

IN THE weeks of advance preparations for our trip around the world we never met an Indian who suggested we visit Banaras, nor an American who wasn't quick to tell us, "Don't miss it." In India, the Indians urged us to travel in the opposite direction and see Jaipur, to journey to Bombay and explore the caves of Ellora and Ajanta, but in the end the exhortations of our countrymen, and indeed the controversy, dictated our route. After wasting a day moldering in an impenetrable fog, we flew at last from the old shack that passes for an airport building in Agra and skimmed down to Banaras, the holy city of India that swarms all over the left bank of the sacred river Ganges.

In the darkness of the night there was little to see except the hotel, which is indeed a charming establishment called Clark's, operated by Indians in a style that is crisp, efficient and cordial. The lobby corridors are lined with shops, which we were to find out were by far the best, as well as the most expensive, in town. Star sapphires and emeralds gleamed in the cases, bolts of Banaras brocades were unfolded and unfolded until there was such a pile one felt constrained to buy. Sitting quietly on the carpeted floor were vendors of post-cards and ivory carvings.

Banaras is a city of culture and crafts, but in the morning, whether you're a tourist or a pilgrim, life centers on the banks of the Ganges. The streets near the river are a jumble of activity, and only the barbers, their customers, and the charity cases seem to have found a certain calm. The barbers squat on the sidewalk near the steps that lead to the river. They squat in that peculiar Asian posture by which a man or woman can lower himself until the posterior is an inch or two from, but never touching, the ground. For a shave or a haircut, customers squat in front of the barber. Thus tidied up, they are off to perform their ablutions and their prayers in the river. As for the panhandlers, they squat too, in a long slender line at the entrance to the ghats, the steps that lead to the river bank, waiting for the rich who will come soon and feed them.

The bathing ghats are dotted with parasol-shaded platforms where *ghatias* also tend the river worshippers, renting them a comb, a cosmetic to fix a mark of cast or sect on the forehead, or minding their clothes until they return from the river. Men and women wash and wail and pray all at the same time. Some sit in silent meditation and prayer at the river's edge and others—they would be beach athletes if they had been born in Southern California—perform violent calisthenics and swing one-ended dumbbells in fearful circles over their head. Pigeons float on bamboo rods that in kind religious thoughtfulness have been placed in the water; Brahmins launder their white caste string; and down the steps tumbles a young boy. He drops a garland of flowers on the back of a dead cow that lies half sunk at the water's edge. Then he scampers back up the steps again.

Tourists watch the daily morning spectacle of the Ganges sitting on top of a small houseboat, which is rowed up the river by two oarsmen. From the vantage point of a camp chair set up on the roof, tourists can photograph the whole show except when the barge passes the burning ghats where the Hindus cremate their dead on piles of branches at the water's edge. There, says the guide, pictures are forbidden. Even so, one sails the Ganges at once fascinated by the incredible sight and yet embarrassed to look at it. Breathes there a mortal who can resist looking into a window whose shade has not been pulled down?

From the river, Banaras is a pile of towers and temples rising in a heap and slimming into spires. Its streets are hardly five yards wide and they must be shared by pilgrims, merchants, tourists and cows. The shops sell bangles and brocade and also horsehair brushes, which the Sikhs use to dissuade flies from buzzing the holy books. They sell brass pots in which pilgrims can take home Ganges water, even as the holy take home the water from Lourdes, gold jewelry that is weighed on delicate scales and sold by the gram, and store teeth that are not sold in stores but in sidewalk stalls.

The pious also come to Banaras to die, which is considered to be an end that augurs well for the soul. The day we arrived in town, it was whispered in the alleys that the aged mother of a maharajah had come to spend her final days. Not only is Banaras sacred, but it is also a center of learning. Here Buddha met with the metaphysicians and Shankar came up from the south stirring a renaissance of Sanskrit and Hinduism. Now there is a university forty years old, and it has 10,000 students and a campus that is kept clipped by strolling cows. Its museum of art displays Indian art from the Mughals to the moderns. Buddhist monks in their saffron robes ride out from the campus in rickshaws, along the route that passes the Durga Temple where itinerant monkeys drop from the rafters and pinch fruits from the baskets of unwary ladies.

ON THE way out to Sarnath, camels shuffle along the road carrying huge bales of hemp from the villages. And dung is patted into cakes and clapped on the walls, there to dry and become fuel for the kitchens. It was at Deer Park in Sarnath, seven miles from Banaras, that the Lord Buddha delivered his first sermon 2,500 years ago. There in the quietude,

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in the shadow of the pillar with its lion capital, which Asoka put up three centuries before Christ for the glorification of Buddhism, you hear the story of Buddha—born a prince in Nepal, destined to be a great man by the sages, protected by his father from society. At twenty-nine he renounced the world, left his wife, his child and his kingdom, spent six years meditating and practicing austerities. Under a bo tree he received the great enlightenment and gathered about him the disciples who were to become the first Buddhist monks. It was after this enlightenment that Buddha came to Sarnath and delivered his first sermon.

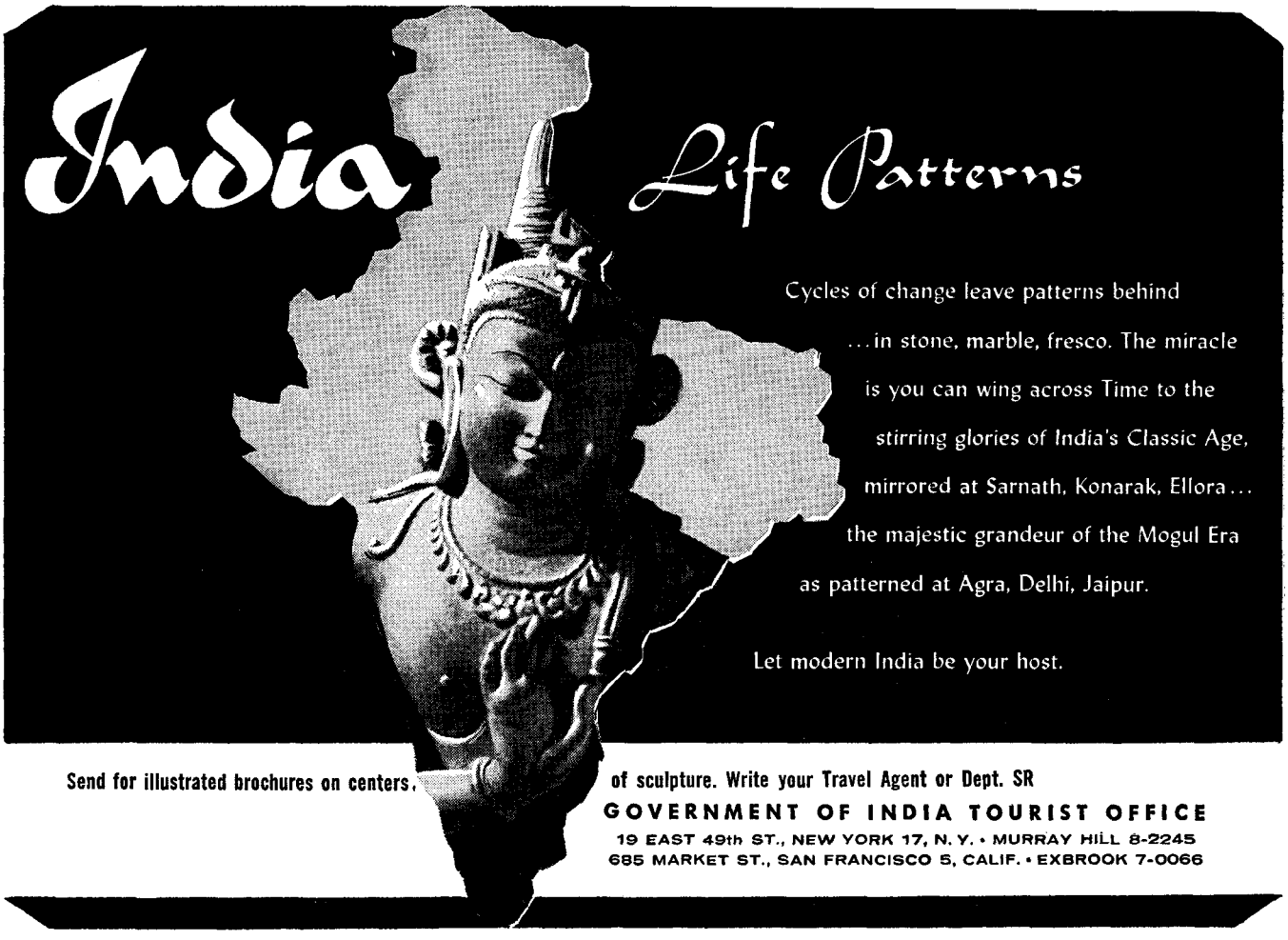
A few days later we caught a Viscount, flown on its principal routes by Indian Airlines, and spent a Sunday flying south to the mysteries of Southern India. Landing at Madras we were taken in custody by a lady of great intelligence known as Leela Sivamani Nadhan, who poked a hand out of a green sari, said "Nadhan is the name," and whisked us off to the Connemara Hotel. With its chrome-tubed furniture, its silvered linear decor, and its flat angular decorations, the Connemara is, in many ways, a marvelous museum-piece of the Twenties.

South India's attitudes are ascetic and strict, and only tourists are permitted to purchase alcoholic beverages and then only in the bar of the Connemara Hotel. In her role as manager of the local government tourist office, Mrs. Nadhan handed my wife and me a copy of "Form K," a single-spaced document mimeographed on both sides of a legal size sheet, studded with "whereases," giving definitions of "foreign liquor" and "Indian-made foreign spirits," all of which, when presented to the bartender, would entitle us to drink "one unit" of liquor. One unit is defined as "one quart bottle of whiskey, three quart bottles of wine or vermouth, or twelve quart bottles of beer."

SINCE Mrs. Nadhan had gone to so much trouble filling out the form we felt we could scarcely disappoint her by not using it. Repairing to the bar we ordered cocktails. After they had been mixed and served with meticulous care, the bartender thumped our permit with a stamp, then entered both drinks in a ledger, stamped the ledger and finally turned to the next customer. The ceremony, which lasted for ten minutes, made us teetotalers in Madras and we never again visited the Connemara's saloon.

Later that evening, Mrs. Nadhan with Mr. Nadhan in tow, took us to the Dasprakash Hotel, an Indian inn where, for five or six dollars a day, all inclusive, travelers can exist Indian style in Spartan comfort. There are, of course, no drinks available on the premises and the cuisine is strictly vegetarian. The four of us had dinner in lonely splendor on the roof of the Dasprakash. It was strictly South Indian, which meant that each person was presented with a huge steel platter crowded to the rims with ten small steel bowls. In the center reposed a plate of wheat pancakes. The procedure was to dip pieces of the pancake into any of the bowls, which, as far as we could determine, had been filled with a solution of hot peppers marinated in hydrochloric acid. For an unguent one had to reach for a bowl of white curd to bank the fire in the tonsils.

Later came a fried vegetable cutlet and a glass of *badam khir*, which is almond, milk, saffron and nutmeg. While we occupied ourselves alternately performing arson on our own palates then rushing to extinguish the blaze, Mrs. Nadhan explained that South India was a stronghold of pure Indian culture, for it had never been invaded by the Mughal forces from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COMING

Issue of March 28

Guide to European Music Festivals

Dates • Places • Schedules

APRIL TO SEPTEMBER

Persia. In most traditional South Indian homes meals are served, not on steel trays, but on banana leaves spread on a low plank.

The next morning we drove through town on our way to Mahabalipuram, a center of ancient temple carvings of Southern India. The people were darker and wore white *dhotis*. On seven-mile-long Marina Beach nobody swam, but nets were drying in the sun and fishermen skimmed along the quiet sea, poling strange flat-bottomed craft that turned up at the ends.

So many of the women we had seen were decorated on the flange above the nostril with a glittering diamond or a ruby, we were moved to ask how they were affixed. "Pierced," explained Mrs. Nadhan. "The time of the full moon is auspicious for having one's nose pierced," she said, as we drove past the rice paddies and the near-naked farmers who were irrigating with an ox-powered pump. "The day of a new moon or an eclipse brings all sorts of fear, so one chooses an auspicious day such as the day of one's wedding which is determined by astrology and astronomy. It is very scientific."

We passed groves of palmyra palms originally cultivated for the manufacture of an intoxicating beverage with the appealing name of *toddy*, now no longer permitted. Since prohibition the palms were useless except for thatched roofs, and they grow wild and ungainly in the hot sun. In Tamil, the language of southern India, *panna maram* or palmyra palm, means gawky person.

Farther on a fisherman tossed his seining net into a flooded rice paddy, banyan trees drooped their stringy beards into the earth to make new roots. Along the canal men strained to pull barges the way horses had done it along the Erie a century ago.

Mahabalipuram, which is thirty-seven miles from Madras, marks the first Indian attempt to carve from stone. One group depicts a lion, an elephant, and a bull all cut out of existing rock. A temple at the shore's very edge is embossed with rows of carved granite bulls eroded by the the sea and the salt air, and up the dusty road, in the center of the tiny town, is a huge bas relief of elephants and human figures chiseled into the face of a boulder twenty feet high. All these attractions aside, Mahabalipuram is also a pleasant place for excursions. A guest house has been built near the sea, and while the rooms are pleasant, clean and certainly adequate, Westerners would be advised to bring box lunches from town. Indians are served on the traditional banana leaf and they eat without benefit of knife or fork.

We drove back to Madras in time to have a look at a local fair. At the door, flower vendors were selling their garlands, as they usually do in Madras, by the yard. Inside, the crowds swarmed around the booths one of which was operated by the United States Information Service and another by the Soviet Union. The USIS struck hard at the parallels between Gandhi and Lincoln. The Russians peddled magazines. Mrs. Nadhan excused herself for a few minutes and returned shortly carrying a book of nursery rhymes bought at the Soviet stall. "Only one rupee," she exclaimed exultantly. "We would have had to pay three times that at an Indian book store." It would be an auspicious day for the Nadhan children.

IT WAS twilight, and on the streets of Madras the milkmen were bringing the cows to door. Dozens of cows were tied up along the fence that surrounded an Indian hotel. In Madras the milk is guaranteed fresh, if not pasteurized. After dark we edged our way through the crowded streets to witness a Hindu festival that was taking place on the Teppakulam, the lake which adjoins most temples. We worked our way through the swarm of people, past the peanut vendors and the fruit peddlers to the water's edge. Far out in the pond floated a barge festooned with flowers and lighted, incredibly, we thought, with fluorescent tubes. Frequently it was pulled to shore and the pious could board it and make an offering. Across the lake, laden with lily pads and lotus, the pyramidal temple was outlined in the glare of the vendors' kerosene lamps and that big floating fluorescent wedding cake that gleamed in the water. The temple lights were on, and they advertised the glory of Kapaleeswar, Hindu god of destruction, in letters of blue neon.

From that vivid scene we drove straight back to reality and the airport, and after checking through customs we boarded Air India's sleeper plane that would carry us asleep and cradled in luxury, across the Bay of Bengal and the Indian Ocean to the far island of Singapore. The stars were burning white in the deep blue night and out the window of the plane we could see Mrs. Nadhan in her gentle sari waving goodbye. What with the coincidence of the Hindu holy day and the magnificence of this South India night, I'm sure she was thinking what an auspicious time it was to embark on such a journey. —HORACE SUTTON.

(This is the sixth in a series of articles on a global trip, mostly by jet by way of New York, Moscow, Soviet Central Asia, India, and Southeast Asia.

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REFERENCE

50,000 Articles for Our 170,000,000

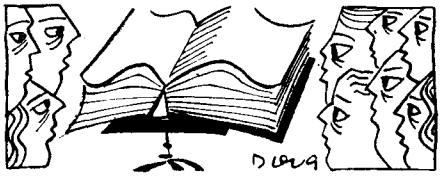
***"The Macmillan's Everyman's Encyclopedia," edited by E. F. Bozman** (Macmillan. 12 Vols. 9,272 pp. $59.95), is an Americanized version of the well-known British work. Its contents are analyzed by William W. Brickman, professor of education at New York University.*

By William W. Brickman

MACMILLAN has taken Everyman's Encyclopaedia and transformed it into Everyman's Encyclopedia for the direct use of the American public. In this process it reset the type, brought the contents up to date, made the binding more attractive and durable, and initiated other improvements in format over the third (1950) British edition. The new edition (which will be available March 30) covers the whole range of mankind's knowledge in close to nine million words and 2,500 illustrations, all enclosed within twelve volumes, 5¾ by 8½ inches in size, and taking up nineteen inches of shelf space. Here one may find word definitions, abundant geographical information, and sketches of the lives of notable men, as well as a wealth of facts on the arts, the entertainment fields, the physical and social sciences and their applications, and various other branches of knowledge which are or ought to be of interest and concern to the intelligent adult. While too advanced for the average adolescent, Everyman's is proper educational fodder for the academically talented.

The longer articles among the 50,000 in the encyclopedia offer considerable detail in a compressed, informative style. To save space, the editor has made use of certain abbreviations, a practice not peculiar to the British encyclopedias. Thus, to make up a sample sentence, "His bp was in an anct mrkt tn," simply means that his birthplace was in an ancient market town. This device should not discourage the seeker after knowledge. Everyman's is as up to date as one may expect. The latest scientific, technological, political, cultural, and diplomatic developments are discussed clearly and with sufficient factual detail. The evidence indicates that the editorial work was completed sometime during early 1958. There is pertinent information about the United Arab Republic, which was proclaimed in February, 1958, and about other new nations, such as Ghana. We read of automation, electronics, jet propulsion, sputniks (under "Satellite"), and other topics of the day. In many instances, the articles contain adequate historical backgrounds and well-selected bibliographical references. There are cross-references and an index of the longer articles, but no indication of how the proper names, particularly the foreign ones, are to be pronounced. As a rule, the spelling of the French and German words is correct, although one runs across an occasional slip like *Burgermeister*.

The articles are unsigned, but we are assured by the editor that they were written by "experts within their own fields." However, there is no way of learning just who the "learned contributors" were, since no list appears anywhere. This is deplorable, by reason of the fact that there would have been greater confidence in the encyclopedia if the expertness of the contributors could have been judged. But so far as the reviewer can see, the content is accurate. Misstatements occur occasionally, of course: the Soviet schools have been coeducational since 1954 and no longer separate the sexes (Vol. III, p.593); the



mausoleum in Moscow's Red Square, illustrated by an old photo, is the resting place of Lenin *and* Stalin (Vol. VIII, p.390); Harry Elmer Barnes is not an American "educationist" (Vol. II, p.22).

We assume that an American encyclopedia will include representative material on American culture. Babe Ruth and Rodgers and Hammerstein are treated, but not Governor Sir William Berkeley of Virginia, Mark Hopkins, and John L. Sullivan; Henry A. Wallace, but not John N. Garner; Allen Nevins and Wallace Notestein, but not Samuel Eliot Morison. The articles on John Dewey and Daniel Coit Gilman do not make clear the impact of these men on American education. The account of jazz is too brief and insufficiently specific, especially with respect to its historical development. Under "Americanism" the examples of slang included are outdated.

General articles, in many instances, do not include sufficient information about American developments or contributions: "Lyceum" carries no hint of the role of the cultural influence of this form of adult education on our life; "Presbyterianism" contains two sentences on the American movement; "Air Force" ignores our flying service; "Orbiter Dictum" omits the Dred Scott Decision of the U.S. Supreme Court. The emphasis is still preponderantly British, *e.g.*, the two columns on the history of the Dragoon Guards and the spelling of *programme*, *civilisation*, etc.

THE allocation of the space raises many questions. There are nineteen columns on the Italian Front in World War II as against fourteen and a half on Italian language, literature, and music; forty-five columns on the Western Front of World War II, thirty-five more on that war in general, and seventy-nine on World War I as compared to four and a half on peace conferences and treaties. Peace and its history do not deserve articles, but British regiments do. There is no space for Ibn Khaldun, Pareto, Eva Perón, Pufendorf, Sarmiento, and Simonov; a mere half-column on Khrushchev, but five on Mussolini; and the barest minimum on education in the United States, UNESCO, the illiteracy problem, Al-Mamun, and Asoka the Great.

The double-column arrangement and the small type make for a readable format, provided the reading is not sustained over a long period of time. The illustrations are helpful: the line drawings are always clear, but the photographs are too dark sometimes, *e.g.*, the Acropolis. Apparently the paper is not suitable for the lights and darks of the halftones. Volume X has been printed in a faulty manner: pages 540, 545, 548, 553, 556, 561, 564, and 569 do not exist, but instead there are eight pages which are duplicates of others.

There is a place in the home for the Macmillan Everyman's. The price seems to be reasonable for a comprehensive compilation of significant data about the world and mankind. The publisher also supplies, free of charge, a desk rack for easy access to the volumes. If this encyclopedia does not fulfill all the expectations of a critical-minded user, neither does any other one. For all its imperfections, Everyman's is a good buy.

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General Reference Atlases of the World

PRICE	TITLE ★ further comment in text opposite	PUBLISHER or American Agent	DATE	SIZE in inches	TOTAL PAGES	MAP PAGES	INDEX ENTRIES
$125.00	★ The Times Atlas of the World	Houghton Mifflin	1955-60	12½x19½		240	220,000
★	★ Atlas Mira	MVD, Moscow	1954	12½x19½	296	283	215,000
43.25	★ Weltatlas (Container Corp. Atlas)	W. Goldmann, Ver., München	1953	11¼x16⅛	367	270	60,000
35.00	★ Encyc. Brit. World Atlas, unabridged	Encyclopædia Britannica	1957	11½x15	593	180	78,000
35.00	Citizen's Atlas	Bartholomew, Edinburg	1958	10x14½	375	231	90,000
17.50	★ Collier's World Atlas & Gazetteer	P. F. Collier & Sons	1957	11¼x14½	472	130	75,000
13.95	★ Cosmopolitan Atlas ("Cosmo")	Rand McNally	1958	11½x14¼	407	159	78,000
12.50	★ Ambassador World Atlas	C. S. Hammond	1958	10½x14½	416	150	100,000
11.00	Bartholomew's Advanced Atlas	McGraw-Hill	1950	10¼x15	155	103	22,000
10.50	American Oxford Atlas	Oxford Univ. Press	1951	10½x15½	—	120	60,000
9.95	Premier World Atlas	Rand McNally	1958	11½x14¼	320	120	78,000
7.95	★ World Atlas, edited by Jos. Williams	Prentice-Hall	1958	8¾x12½	132	100	16,000
7.50	Goode's World Atlas, 10th Ed.	Rand McNally	1957	9¾x11½	272	160	30,000
7.50	The University Atlas, 8th Ed.	Denoyer-Geppert	1958	9x11¼	278	176	48,000
6.95	R. McN. Standard World Atlas	Rand McNally	1958	7¼x10¾	388	178	20,000
6.95	Hammond's Library World Atlas	C. S. Hammond	1958	9½x12½	312	100	100,000
6.50	Philip's Record Atlas	Geo. Philip & Son	1952	9x11¼	320	128	55,000
5.75	Geographical Atlas	M.V.D., Moscow	1954	10¾x15	199	156	22,000
5.50	★ Wenschow College & University Atlas	Denoyer-Geppert	1950	9½x13¾	109	76	none
4.95	★ R. McN. Reader's World Atlas	Rand McNally	1955	7¼x10¾	304	190	20,000
4.75	Canadian Oxford Desk Atlas	Oxford Univ. Press (Toronto)	1957	7¾x10¼	138	103	5,200
3.85	New Illustrated Atlas of the World	Odhams Press, Ltd.	1957	9x11	192	103	20,000
3.50	R. McN. Popular World Atlas	Rand McNally	1958	7¼x10¾	180	142	6,800
2.95	New International World Atlas	C. S. Hammond	1958	9½x12½	112	105	1,650
2.95	R. McN. Contemporary World Atlas	Rand McNally	1957	10¼x13¾	96	79	6,000
2.50	Penguin Atlas of the World	Penguin Books	1956	5½x 8	156	80	15,000
2.50	R. McN. Regional Atlas	Rand McNally	1957	9½x11⅛	61	48	4,000
2.25	★ Wenschow, World Atlas (*Weltatlas*)	Denoyer-Geppert	1948	9½x13½	33	33	none
1.65	★ R. McN. Classroom Atlas	Rand McNally	1958	7½x10	64	57	none
1.00	Hammond's Globemaster World Atlas	C. S. Hammond	1958	9½x12½	48	43	1,300
.59	Hammond's World Atlas for Students	C. S. Hammond	1958	9¼x12¼	52	45	1,300
.50	R. McN. Current Events World Atlas	Rand MsNally	1957	7x10½	36	34	none
rental	Rand McNally Commercial Atlas (U.S.)	Rand McNally	1959	15¾x21	566		

Historical Atlases and Gazetteers

12.50	Historical Atlas (Shepherd's)	Barnes & Noble	1956	7¼x10½	353	225	28,000
7.50	Historical Atlas of the World (Muir's)	Denoyer-Geppert	1952	9x11	143	96	14,000
6.95	Atlas of World History (ed. R. R. Palmer)	Rand McNally	1957	7¼x10¾	216	130	7,300
65.00	★ Columbia-Lippincott Gazetteer	Columbia Univ. Press	1952	9x12x4	2148	—	170,000
8.95	World Guide (cond. from Columbia-Lippincott Gazetteer)	Rand McNally	1953	7¼x10½	726	—	5,800
6.95	Macmillan World Gazetteer & Geographical Dictionary	Macmillan	1957	5½x 8½	793	—	12,000

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Geography at Home

By RICHARD EDES HARRISON, *noted cartographer, who in 1958 completed the maps for a series of grade-school geographies, "Lands and Peoples of the World" (Ginn & Co., Boston).*

AS LONG as newspapers, radio, and television continue to mention happenings all over the world, every household should have an atlas. Even if the parents have developed no interest in the affairs of the world, they are real failures if they do not provide a reference atlas for the use of their children. Poverty is no excuse: an atlas may be found to fit any purse. They start at fifty cents, and pretty good ones may be had for less than $3. If you want a nice-looking atlas for the library table, excellent examples may be had from $7.50 to $10 or so. However, should your library have walnut paneling, or sport a genuine Modigliani, you would lose face with anything under $100.

The listing in tabular form opposite is by no means complete but it contains most of the readily available domestic atlases, as well as a small selection of foreign works which are often not so easy to locate but which have qualities or features not found in the local product. A foreign atlas need not terrify the man who reads only English because geographical features and names are universal and even the spellings are tending to become standard the world over. In order to make use of a work in a different alphabet, such as Russian, it is only necessary to learn that alphabet; surely, not too forbidding a task.

It is important to know that American atlas producers operate under economic conditions very different from those confronting their overseas rivals. Our companies are in a fiercely competitive field, and costs are higher. To make a new set of maps pay, they incorporate the same maps with various combinations of ancillary material, such as gazetteers, topical maps, statistics, historical or pictorial sections and publish them in a wide range of prices. These maps are generally neatly and accurately drawn, well edited and produced, but the fact remains that they cannot compare with the best European work—especially in the matter of portraying relief. It is not that we do not have the talent; one superlative American cartographer, Hal Shelton, is now widely imitated in Europe but no American atlas contains his work.

In the accompanying table atlases are arranged in descending order of price. The number of entries in the index is perhaps the best criterion of a work's value for reference. In the instance of the following atlases, some supplementary comment may be of further assistance:

★ **THE TIMES ATLAS:** This five-volume work replaces the fine, one-volume edition of the early Twenties. Both were produced by John Bartholomew of Edinburgh for the Times Publishing Co. of London and both are notable because,

CHIEF METHOD OF SHOWING RELIEF	MAP QUALITY	OTHER DATA; GOOD AND BAD POINTS
contours, layer-tints	B+	In 5 Vols., $25 ea. Sound, handsome, but not brilliant cartography.
contours, layer-tints	A+	Separate index; 9x11½; greatest of modern atlases; some maps hill-shaded.
various	★	German reprint of Am. ed., now out of print; best maps are those made in Italy.
hachures	B	Very complete gazetteer; R. McN. "Cosmo" maps.
—	B–	Political coloring on maps.
hachures	B	"Cosmo" maps; large gazetteer; many city maps.
hachures	B	Extensive illus. gazetteer; 34x48" G.S. map of Alaska; in leather, $37.50.
hill-shading	B–	Extensive illus. gazetteer; in leather, $25.
layer-tints	B+	English; many useful topical maps; well produced; index skimpy.
layer-tints	C+	Gazetteer; also Canadian and English editions.
hachures	B	Essentially the "Cosmo" atlas, with gazetteer reduced to 11 pages.
layer-tints, hill-shading	A	Beautifully executed in Austria; index skimpy, but still a best buy.
layer-tints	B+	Most scholarly of R. McN. atlases; long a standard & still a very good buy.
layer-tints	B+	Produced in England (Geo. Philip & Son) compact, well organized; good buy.
hachures	B	104 pp. gazetteer, etc.; essentially a "Cosmo" in smaller format.
hill-shading	B–	120 pp. of gazetteer, etc.; short on maps, long on index.
none	—	Political coloring only.
contours, layer-tints	B+	Inexpensive look at good Russian work. Strong in economic maps.
photos of models	A–	Karl Wenschow, München; text in German; effective relief.
hachures	B	"Cosmo" maps, essentially the R. McN. Standard, less most of gazetteer.
layer-tints, model photos	C+	Terrain models very crude; other maps as in American Oxford.
hill-shading	B	Maps by Geo. Philip; good "natural color" continents; photo section.
none	B	
hill-shading	B	Index inadequate; 46 pp. historical section; small gazetteer.
hachures	B	Positively the last appearance of "Cosmo" maps. Poor for Latin America.
hill-shading	B	In paper. Produced in Sweden by Esselte; very handy; note good index.
layer-tints	B+	In paper. Condensation of Goode's Atlas; useful but seems overpriced.
photos of models	A–	Prod. by Wenschow, München, in German; brilliant relief.
hill-shading in color	B–	In paper; "merged relief" maps, a new series, superficially effective.
hill-shading	B–	Good dollar's worth.
hill-shading	B–	In paper; internally, almost identical with next above.
none	B–	
Revised yearly, rents at $55	C	Exhaustive business & geogr. info. You can find Skeeterville, Tex. (pop. 3) in it.
hachures		Definitive, orig. plates destroyed WWII; reconstructed by Colonial Offset in Baltimore. Postwar maps by Hammond. Not examined.
hill-shading on some		New work; maps neat, rather weak in color, good buy.
—		Same format as Columbia One-Volume Encyclopedia.
—		Arranged by continents & countries, useful but not a true gazetteer.
—		Good buy; useful index of alternate spellings. Follows British practice.

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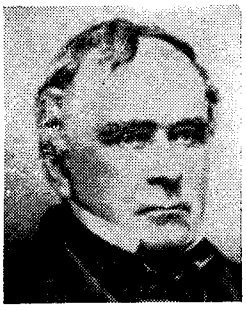

FRANCIS LIEBER was an outspoken liberal and his youth in Germany during the Napoleonic conquests was a tumultuous one. Arrested in Germany as a dangerous character, Lieber went on to fight for Greek liberation, traveled to England, and, finally, to Boston, where he supervised a gymnasium and swimming school. He conceived a plan to develop an encyclopedia based on Brockhaus's "Conversations Lexikon," and, with the aid of some influential friends, he founded the **Encyclopedia Americana.** His contributors included many of the foremost American scholars. The encyclopedia, issued in thirteen volumes (1829-1833), gained immediate acclaim. Lieber went on to an even more productive career as writer, teacher, and government consultant. In 1857 he was appointed to a chair at Columbia College in New York, transferring to the law school, where he remained for the rest of a long and fruitful life.

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unlike most atlases of this size, they had no government subsidy. The maps are well drawn and the engraving, printing, and binding of first quality. The cartographic approach, however, is unimaginative and takes little advantage of modern developments.

★**ATLAS MIRA,** issued by the Department of the Interior (MVD) Moscow: Superb cartography, well printed; a major contribution to modern atlas making. Makes available for the first time a vast amount of geographical information (especially in Asia) not usually found outside of intelligence files. Has been purchased in East Berlin for $13; price at the Four Continents Bookshop in New York is $55; can be imported from shops in London, Paris, or Stockholm for $60 to $75. Importers here have charged as much as $125. Cheap at any price. Be sure you get the index volume, which is part of the purchase price.

In passing, some of the other great European general reference atlases should be mentioned; they are all expensive but very good. Italy furnishes two: The **Italian Touring Club Atlas,** noted for its superb hachuring and hand-lettering, and the **Grande Atlante Geografico,** produced by Agostini. The German **Andree's Handatlas** and **Stieler's Atlas** (famed for its ingenious indexing system; any of its 300,000 entries may be found with a minimum of hunting) were both war casualties, but prewar copies may sometimes be found. The French **Larousse Atlas International** (postwar) emphasizes economics and is trilingual: French, English, and Spanish.

★**CONTAINER CORPORATION ATLAS:** One-third fine maps by Agostini, one-third U.S. maps by Rand McNally, the rest a mélange of graphs, charts, vignettes, and scraps of text by Herbert Bayer, described by an eminent American geographer as "chaotic." We have the Bauhaus to thank for this unwelcome intrusion into Atlas making. Handsomely bound. The German reprint was not available for examination.

★**ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA WORLD ATLAS** and **COLLIER'S WORLD ATLAS AND GAZETTEER:** These are designed to accompany the respective encyclopedias and are sold with them at a lower price than the list price at bookstores.

★**COSMOPOLITAN** and **AMBASSADOR ATLASES:** These are the bellwethers on the lists of our great domestic rivals: Rand McNally and C. S. Hammond. The writer begs to be excused from naming a preference. Rand evidently hires better designers and has a slight edge in printing and general production but Hammond gives you a little more in the package.

★**PRENTICE-HALL WORLD ATLAS:** This atlas is a gem. The publishers and Professor Joseph Williams, editor, are to be congratulated for giving Americans an inexpensive look at mature, well-balanced, Old World cartography. The engraving, printing, and, especially, the translucent colors are exceptional even by European standards. Unfortunately, the atlas has relatively few place names (but this undeniably adds to the beauty of the maps), and the shoreline delineation is not up to its own high cartographic standards. Study the plate of the Western U.S. to see a fine interpretation of our own terrain by Austrian cartographers.

★**WENSCHOW ATLASES:** These do not really qualify as reference books since both are innocent of index. However, they provide excellent and inexpensive supplements to otherwise good atlases, which are weak on relief, as are practically all home-grown atlases. The method employed is to incorporate vertical photographs of terrain models in the maps. Its effectiveness depends heavily on the quality of the models; these are the best. For a sample of the worst, look at the maps so made in the **Oxford Desk Atlas.**

Another work with even less claim to the title of atlas, but of considerable interest in this connection, is the **Atlas of Global Geography** (Golden Press—Simon & Schuster. 10½″ x 13¾″ 97 pp. no index. $5.95), produced in England. The text is by the eminent Australian geographer Frank Debenham, introduction by Bertrand Russell. There are three main sections: a short illustrated history of cartography, a more or less systematic treatment of world geography by means of color photographs of a large modeled globe and some supplementary models at larger scale, and, finally, a section on the instruments, methods, and status of surveying. The text is fine and the photos dramatic, but the models are far from flawless and the jacket sets a new high in rash and unsupportable statements (presumably the work of the American publisher).

"Magnificent new type of atlas": it is hardly magnificent, not new nor really an atlas. "Startling global projections": where in the world have these fellows been hiding the last fifteen years? "An entirely new principle in cartography": this reviewer will be happy to furnish the publisher with a well-worn precedent for every cartographic principle involved. Even the title is old stuff; Erwin Raisz used this one verbatim way back in 1944, when three "global atlases" were published (see *SRL* July 1, 1944, "The Face of One World"). Moreover magazines have used photos and drawings of globes for years.

What the present work really has to offer is its unusually effective photography (the globe is a very difficult subject). The modeling on the large globe is pretty good but has the defect of strong "terracing" along the contours, especially noticeable in the flatter areas. Those who favor using models seem blissfully unaware of the limitations of this method. The topographic solecisms on the map of the United States, for example, are too numerous to mention, and the whole has an unpleasant nodular effect, to say nothing of the astonishing "natural" coloring. The sad fact is that in any contest between model-makers and artist-cartographers of equal ability, the model-maker will always come in a poor second. In spite of the above strictures, however, the writer does not hesitate to recommend this book: it contains many useful lessons.

★**RAND McNALLY REGIONAL ATLAS:** Most of the items below this point in the table are intended for classroom use, and these require special mention. Several of them (and a host of others not listed) are not normally found in regular bookstores but have to be

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obtained from educational stores or ordered from the publisher. If this is your particular interest, write for the catalogues of: Denoyer-Geppert, Chicago 40, Ill. (or Stanley Bowmar, Valhalla, N.Y., local agent); Weber-Costello, Chicago Heights, Ill.; A. J. Nystrom, Chicago 18, Ill.; as well as Rand McNally and Hammond. Some of the introductory books are good. I was particularly taken by Hammond's **Illustrated Atlas for Young America** ($2.95). This is hardly an atlas but it has well-conceived approaches to several stumbling blocks in understanding maps—notably that of scale. Slightly garish, but no doubt effective. Rand has a **Handbook of Map and Globe Usage** ($2) to be ready at the end of this month. Not examined.

★**COLUMBIA-LIPPINCOTT GAZETTEER:** The old standard Lippincott Gazetteer had been out of print and sorely missed for more than a generation when this volume arrived to fill the gap. It is exhaustive, loaded with prestige, and has already proved to be a gold mine to the scavengers of the publishing world, but this writer has not embraced it enthusiastically for two reasons. First, the very high price and, second, the editors' policy in the spelling of place names (toponymic orthography). In this vital matter the strong trend to international standardization of spellings was largely ignored in favor of vulgar and corrupt usages—the so-called "conventional forms"; for example *Leghorn*, an ancient corruption of British sailors, is preferred to the universal and sensible *Livorno*.

In professional circles, the conventional forms are well on the way out but they display remarkable tenacity in journalistic and literary fields. The editors of this gazetteer declined a golden opportunity to give them a final boot. In short, they elected to follow rather than to lead. Bergen Evans himself couldn't have done worse. Fortunately, American cartography will not be affected too much by this fat turkey because our toponymic spelling practices are largely governed by decisions of the U.S. Board on Geographic Names and its cooperating agencies in other countries. But the spellings in newspapers, magazines, textbooks, and such will remain corrupted for at least two decades thanks to this disheartening failure in scholarship.

A final word: when you buy that atlas, make sure that you also have a globe. This is a spherical world and the globe is the only representation of it that gives you complete protection against the inevitable distortions of maps.

Wide Range of Reference Works

From Biography to Boxing, Something for All

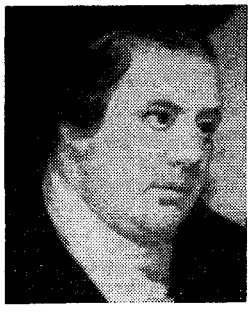
By JOHN T. WINTERICH

REFERENCE works cover every conceivable subject and are written in all styles and come in all sizes; some are long and some are short, some compact and some diffuse, some good and some bad. There are no indifferent ones. The indifferent ones are bad. There are, however, degrees of goodness—call it from serviceable to excellent. All kinds make up the grist that comes out of this present mill.

What must one think of a reference work bearing a long-respected imprint which, in its introduction, deliberately uses the terms "low-brow" and "high-brow"—and then proceeds to offer examples in both categories? Well, in this instance, one can think pretty highly of it. It is **Everyman's Dictionary of Literary Biography, English & American** (Dutton, $5), compiled after John W. Cousin by D. C. Browning. These 752 pages present 2,300 life-histories from (alphabetically) Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, the "Molly Make-Believe" lady, to Israel Zangwill, and from (chronologically) Caedmon to E. B. White and beyond. Mr. Browning properly includes some authors "because of their engaging badness"—Robert Montgomery, to whom Macaulay devoted a devastating essay, and "the irrepressible McGonagall," but where is our own Sweet Singer of Michigan? And Sinclair Lewis's home town of Sauk Center is not in the state of Minneapolis. A highly useful feature is the inclusion of full birth and death dates. This is an admirable *multum in parvo* job, and is highly recommended.

Your shelves should also find room for **Cyclopedia of World Authors** (Harper, $8.95), edited by Frank N. Magill, with Dayton Kohler as associate editor. The criterion here is quality: 753 writers of acceptance and stature from (alphabetically) Pierre Abélard to Arnold Zweig, and chronologically from Homer to Carson McCullers. The biographies range in length from 300 to 1,800 words, and the fifty most important ones are signed, and signed with authoritative names—Thomas H. Johnson on Emily Dickinson, Marc Slonim on Dostoevski, Carl J. Weber on Hardy, Randall Stewart on Hawthorne, for example. The remaining entries have been entrusted to a group of thirty capable contributors. Bibliographical and biographical references are given. Birth and death dates appear in full under the identifying heading, and for no good reason these are repeated in the running text—no great harm done, however, and don't hold this against a well-done job. Its 1,200 pages make it the jumbo on our list.

"The Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature" fills five fat octavo volumes and sells for $45. **The Concise Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature** (Cambridge University Press, $3.75), edited by George Watson, is one twelvemo volume of 272 pages. The arrangement is alphabetical within six periods, the last of which, 1900-1950, is new. Some 400 writers, from our old friend Caedmon to Dylan Thomas, are listed. Check-



WILLIAM SMELLIE deserted his master, a maker of whalebone corset stays, when he was twelve years old to join the Messrs. Hamilton, Balfour, and Neal, the official printers for Edinburgh University. By the time he was twenty-four, Smellie was a master printer and co-publisher of the *Weekly Journal*, which offered news, views, and philosophical discussion. Smellie was a man of taste, intellectual curiosity, and strong bias, evidence of which can be found on the pages of the **Encyclopaedia Britannica's** first edition. His article on "Abridgement" shows his abhorrence of windy rhetoric. Smellie refused the editorship of the second edition of the encyclopedia because he would not accept the plan to include the biographies of living persons. Robert Burns wrote of Smellie: "And, though his caustic wit was biting rude, / His heart was warm, benevolent, and good."

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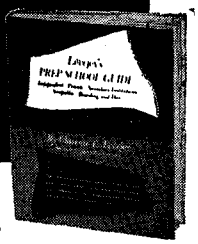

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lists are limited to selected titles. Reference data is appended. Perhaps the greatest service this compact handbook renders is its inclusion of details about the most modern and scholarly editions available. Where these are not in print, "some concessions have been made to the principle of availability," and useful modern reprints are therefore frequently entered.

W. Carew Hazlitt characterized a proverb as "short, plain, common, figurative, ancient, and true," and then offered objections to all six of his adjectives. But Archer Taylor of the University of California and Bartlett Jere Whiting of Harvard regard Hazlitt's definition as "perhaps as good as any," and on that basis they have compiled **A Dictionary of American Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases, 1820-1880** (Belknap Press, Harvard University Press, $9.50). The eighty authors and sources excerpted extend from Louisa May Alcott to N. P. Willis; most heavily drawn on are Mark Twain, Cooper, Hawthorne, Holmes, Melville, and Thomas C. Haliburton (Sam Slick), a Nova Scotian, but, as the compilers point out, "his works were very widely read in the United States and often contain early instances of locutions generally used there." The product is a racy recording of the non-urban speech of the period covered. The proverb, the proverbial phrase, the simile, the cliché, call it what you will, was the common property alike of the backwoodsman and the philosopher.

Twenty-two authorities, recruited largely from the faculties of Oxford, Cambridge, the University of London, and Glasgow provide the abundant text for **The Concise Encyclopedia of World History** (Hawthorn Books, $12.95), edited by John Bowle. The 511 pages and twenty papers cover the human story from "the dawn of mind" to the Hungarian revolt of 1956. "It is still common form," notes John P. Plamenatz of Oxford in the terminal essay, "to speak of 'socialist' Russia and the 'capitalist' West, though Russia is even less socialist than the West is capitalist, as these two words were understood before 1914." There are 176 pages of plates, sixteen of which are in full color. This impressive table book presents universal history in a cogent series of competent papers that take it well out of the "outline" class.

The United States is still protected by its ocean barriers "psychologically, but no longer physically," accurately observes Richard Pear, lecturer in political science in the University of London, in **Democratic Institutions in the World Today** (Praeger, $5), edited by Werner Burmeister, also of the University of London, and written by

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him and four colleagues. Mr. Burmeister treats Western Europe; Mr. Pear, the United States; Bernard Lewis, the Islamic Middle East; Roland Oliver, Africa, and Hugh Tinker, Asia. "Except perhaps in Turkey," Mr. Lewis concludes, "our kind of democracy appears to have failed in the Muslim Middle East. But why must we assume that our kind is the only kind?" These brief appraisals are soundly assembled and presented, and are highly readable as well.

An Atlas of World Affairs (Praeger, $3), by Andrew Boyd, with maps by W. H. Bromage, is a serviceable little volume which tells you at a glance, verbally and visually, who the European "neutrals" are, how the Dutch are beating by the sea (by 1980 they will have redeemed half a million acres and added 7 per cent to their territory), why Nyassaland is in an uproar, how Canada is developing her bleak north country. Each of the seventy newspaper-type maps, entirely adequate to their purpose, is accompanied by from 200 to 350 words of succinct and appropriate text.

Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell's middle name is Paul, one learns from the 1959 edition of **Whitaker's Almanack** (British Book Centre, $5), which contains, as usual, "a vast amount of information respecting the government, finances, population, commerce, and general statistics of the various nations of the world." (The original Whitaker was Joseph—no middle initial.) The Prince of Wales's given names are Charles Philip Arthur George, and his sister's, Anne Elizabeth Alice Louise. Protocol (known in Whitaker as precedence) is as elaborate in England as it is with us: we are delighted to learn that Masters in Lunacy rank Companions and Commanders (*e.g.*, C.B., C.S.I., C.M.G.), but Companions and Commanders, in their turn, rank Eldest Sons of Youngest Sons of Peers. The world would be an empty and uninformed place without Whitaker, which is now in its ninety-first year.

The Short Parliament summoned by Charles I in 1640 (it sat for three weeks) was not England's shortest parliament. That distinction belongs to the body which sat for a single day in 1399 and deposed Richard II. "White paper" is a colloquial, not an official, term; it refers to a government report or statement of policy "not of sufficient thickness to require the stout blue covers which would make it a 'blue book.'" Britain's Prime Minister draws a salary of £10,000, Canada's $25,000 (plus $2,000 car allowance). We pluck these tidbits from **An Encyclopedia of Parliament** (Praeger, $12.50), by Norman Wilding and Philip Laundy. Despite its special field,

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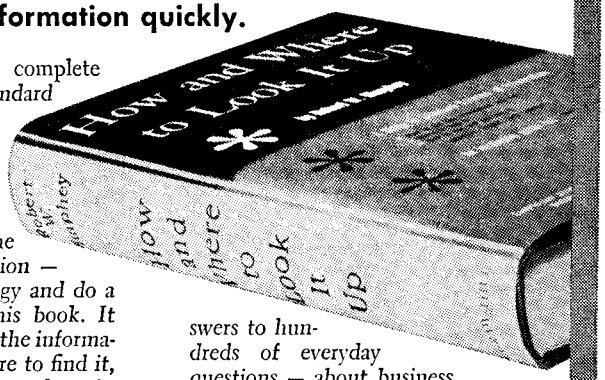

THIS *is a truly complete guide to all standard reference sources. Teachers, writers, admen, businessmen, librarians, students — everyone involved in the search for information — will save time, energy and do a better job using this book. It tells you how to get the information you want, where to find it, and how to evaluate and use it. It tells you:*

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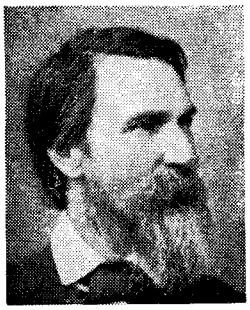

FRANCIS ANDREW MARCH was a pioneer in philology. As a student at Amherst College his interest in language was awakened by the lectures of Noah Webster and William C. Fowler. In 1855 he went to Lafayette College, where he taught French, German, Latin, Greek, political economy, philosophy, and botany. Two years later he was appointed professor of English language and comparative philology, the first such professorship in either the United States or Europe. During the forty-nine years March held this post he was actively involved in furthering the cause of the English language. He himself knew its richness and fought against the scorn many of his contemporaries felt for their own language. A scholar in medieval English, he wrote the now-classic "Comparative Grammar," which was of great significance in establishing a relationship between English and Indo-European languages. His indefatigable interest in lexicography led him to reform and modernize spelling. In his most important work, **March's Thesaurus-Dictionary,** which he wrote in collaboration with his son, his ideas of language are implicit in each carefully wrought definition. Lexicographer, scholar, philologist, teacher, March was throughout his long and prolific lifetime a defender and lover of words.

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this is a readable as well as a substantial and important volume.

Virtually every preservable native artifact is discussed and pictured in the 543 pages of **The Concise Encyclopedia of American Antiques** (two volumes, Hawthorn House, $25), edited by Helen Comstock. More than fifty authorities of record, many of them curators of long-established specialty museums, constitute a distinguished corps of contributors. There are 352 full pages of plates, nearly all of which reproduce more than one item (some show up to six). Categories covered are (hold your breath) furniture, silver, pewter, wrought iron, brass, stoves, pottery, porcelain, glass, needlework, quilts, carpets, rugs, lighting devices, buttons, trade cards, trade catalogues, playing cards, swords, firearms, painting (portrait, folk, miniature), prints, toys, coins, medals, books, maps, autographs, ship models, stamps, the theatre, wallpapers, valentines, Christmas cards, tools, patent-office models. This is a well-written, well-edited, well-presented set.

The Index of American Design was a child of the great depression; its own basic design was to give work to unemployed artists. Some 300 of these worked on the project, and they produced 15,000 drawings and paintings of all sorts of material reflecting the development of design from colonial days. The handiwork of these professionals is now in the National Gallery of Art in Washington. **The Index of American Design**—made possible by the project—has been published with the joint imprint of the Macmillan Company and the National Gallery of Art, which is under the supervision of the Smithsonian Institution ($9.95). The ample text is by Erwin O. Christensen, curator of the Index, and an introduction by Holger Cahill, former national director of the Federal Art Project, explains in details the purposes, operation, and history of the plan. There are 378 pictures, of which 117 are in full color. The text is a mine of descriptive detail: ships' figureheads often had detachable arms which were removed in rough weather; the peavey (tool used by loggers) was named for Joseph Peavey (just as "Whitaker's Almanack" was named for Joseph Whitaker); there was a patented apple-parer as early as 1803. This is a sumptuous and delightful book.

First published in 1945, **Dictionary of Education** now appears in an extensively revised second edition, edited by Carter V. Good of the University of Cincinnati with the assistance of Winifred R. Merkel (McGraw-Hill, $9.75). The purpose of this 676-page compilation is to list and to define "professional terms and concepts in the entire area of education." Proper names (persons, institutions, organizations, publications) are in general avoided except where they serve to identify methods (Borstal system, Kuder-Richardson formulas, Coghillian sequence). This is the place to find out about distribution of ability, evaluative labeling, interfixation movements, and student-station utilization.

The fifty-fifth issue of **The National Catholic Almanac** (St. Anthony's Guild, Paterson, N.J., cloth $2.75, paper $2.25) contains a full account of the election and coronation of Pope John XXIII, a biographical sketch, the text of his two post-election addresses, and brief summaries of the careers of the twenty-three prelates he named to the College of Cardinals (including Cardinals Richard J. Cushing of Boston and John F. O'Hara of Philadelphia). A report on desegration shows that parochial schools in the South are "well ahead" of public schools. The 696 pages cover a wide variety of valuable and interesting data.

Sixty-six authorities have pooled their knowledge of religious education and practice to create **Encyclopedia for Church Group Leaders** (Association Press, $7.95), edited by Lee J. Gable of Lancaster (Pa.) Theological Seminary. The methods covered include the use of audio-visual resources, storytelling, drama, play-reading, criteria for song selections, and many others. Arrangement is by categories.

Reproductions of old prints, title-pages of books epochal in the field, portraits ancient and modern, and pictures (including photographs) of religious edifices provide much of the contents of **Pictorial History of Protestantism** (Philosophical Library, $10), by Vergilius Fern, which covers Western Europe and the United States. There is considerable text, most of it in the form of captions, sometimes of several hundred words. Nearly fifty sects and organizations like the YMCA, YWCA, and the Salvation Army are discussed and their histories summarized.

March's Thesaurus-Dictionary (Hanover House, $9.75; thumb-indexed, $10.75), a high-speed power-tool for the word-user, belongs close at hand on the work table. It combines the quick-reference value of the thesaurus with the easily accessible background information of the dictionary. March's great design has been carefully kept operative under the editorial supervision of Norman Cousins. This present edition has added a new supplement by R. A. Goodwin listing alphabetically those new words and phrases which have become current since 1900. Clarence L. Barnhardt, dean of American dictionary-makers, has written a keen appreciation of the meaning of Francis Andrew March's major contribution to the reference desk.

Robert W. Murphey's **How and Where to Look It Up** (McGraw-Hill, $15), is a vast storehouse of information for anyone who has ever felt confused when confronted by the public library. The first section is a get-acquainted survey of reference books with specific instruction on how to set about preparing a research paper. Part II lists and evaluates essential sources of reference: annuals, almanacs, directories, general encyclopedias, up to and including the telephone book. People, places, and things, in the final section, are grouped alphabetically, with cross references, so that by looking up Soccer, for example, you are referred to Football, Sports, and provided with annotated descriptions of pertinent reference material.

Eight physicians shared the task of

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producing **The Family Medical Encyclopedia** (Little Brown, $4.95), edited by Justus J. Schiffers, Ph.D., director of the Health Education Council, with numerous drawings in the text by Louise Bush. This sensible and (within its space limits) comprehensive manual is lively reading as well: "Diabetes is probably the pleasantest of all chronic diseases." Charley horse and tennis elbow are present; housemaid's knee is not, but "joint mice" are (see knee).

Today's incandescent lamp is constructed "almost exactly as Edison first built it in 1879, save for the use of improved material," we learn in **1001 Questions Answered About the New Science** (Dodd, Mead, $6), by David O. Woodbury, which discusses fission, fusion, automation, electronics, biology, and much else. The question-and-answer method really does make for simplification of reading in this field, certainly for reading by the layman, for whom the book is designed. There is a newer volcano than Paracutín, which pushed up through a Mexican farmer's fields in 1943 and is now several hundred feet high. The latest (1957) is Ilha Nova, in the Azores.

Organic gardening is "a system whereby a fertile soil is maintained by applying Nature's own law of replenishing it—that is, the addition and preservation of humus, the use of organic matter instead of chemical fertilizers, and, of course, the making of compost and mulching." The pioneer in latter-day experimentation in "this new, yet in reality age-old, method" was Sir Albert Howard, whose thirty-year service in India produced remarkable results. **The Encyclopedia of Organic Gardening** (Roedale Books, $7, thumb-indexed $8), compiled by five authorities under J. T. Rodale as editor-in-chief, covers the whole field of growing things from abelia to zygopetalum—flowers, vegetables, grains, fruit and other trees, even poultry. The 1,145 pages contain hundreds of illustrations, charts, diagrams, construction models.

POLITICS

Trade Secrets of an Office Seeker

***"To Be a Politician," by Stimson Bullitt** (Doubleday. 190 pp. $3.50), throws a cold light on the components spelling success for today's candidate. Daniel J. Boorstin, professor of American history at the University of Chicago, is the author of books dealing with U.S. history and political life, among them, "The Genius of American Politics" and, most recently, "The Americans: The Colonial Experience."*

By Daniel Boorstin

WHEN a young lady asked Fats Waller to define swing music, he said, "If you gotta ask, you ain't got it." While Mr. Bullitt has a great deal to tell us, he freely admits the central importance of the inscrutable, human element in politics. This brilliant little book ought to be put (along with "Parkinson's Law") in the too small class of "How-*not*-to-do it" manuals. Mr. Bullitt lacks the irony of Parkinson, but he is honest, epigrammatic, readable, stimulating, and wise. He gives us many insights into politicians, would-be politicians, and ourselves which won't be found in the jargon-jungles of statistically-minded political scientists.

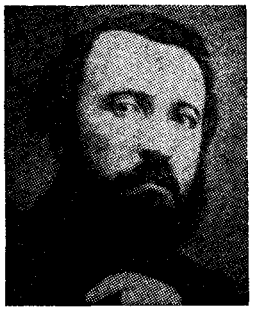
The author is a young Seattle lawyer-politician with a good deal of experience, but as yet no spectacular success at the polls. If he had been more successful—for example, if he had not been defeated both in 1952 and 1954, when he ran for Congress from the first district of the State of Washington—he probably could not have given us this book. He might have felt that so honest a revelation of trade secrets would make him feared by his colleagues and distrusted by his constituents.

This volume fits also into the ancient genre of "wisdom" literature. But unlike Machiavelli's "Prince," Bullitt's "Politician" does not aim to prescribe the course of action that will increase a man's power. Unlike Bacon's "Essays" and Pascal's "Pensées," the value of Mr. Bullitt's book comes less from its timelessness than its timeliness. I know of no other work which tells us so much of the peculiar character of American politics in our day. The author is not concerned with the topics that dominate the classic handbooks for rulers: the nature of justice or the true welfare of a community, how to seize power, how to overreach a fellow-ruler, how to hold the support of the army, or how to keep a people submissive.

"More than ever," Mr. Bullitt observes, "the politician's attention is fixed, exclusively but not intensely, on his relationships with his constituents, rather than on history, posterity, or God." Today the most important thing about a politician is not his credo, his philosophy, or even his program, but his personality. And in shaping this his constituents play a large part. "The complete but shallow study of him means that he is known widely but not well. He only halfway feels like the drinker in the cartoon, sobbing to the bartender: 'Everybody understands me!' "

Mr. Bullitt is well aware of the peculiar perils of American politics for the self-conscious intellectual or the crusading reformer. "For a man of active intellect," he warns, "the most severe condition of politics is to abstain from the full and constant use of his powers." While the people want to know *what* a politician proposes to do, they're not much interested in *why*. A knowledgeable politician will not expect to be judged on his whole record. "It's not what you've done, it's what you've done lately (or probably will do)."

Some of Mr. Bullitt's shrewdest and most timely observations point the decisive connections between American technology and the American standard of living, and the ways of American politics. "The media have done to the campaign system what the invention of gunpowder did to the feudal kingdom—destroyed the barons and shifted their power to the masses



PIERRE LAROUSSE once declared, "I want to teach everyone everything!" A man of strong opinions, he was open in his criticism of the Catholic Church and of Napoleon III. After a short career as a teacher, Larousse turned to the writing of textbooks on Latin, Greek, and French grammar. He made the rounds of lectures at the Sorbonne, the College of France, and the Observatory, retiring at the end of the day to the library, where he studied far into the night. Finally he began his dictionary-encyclopedia, on which he worked sixteen hours a day. In 1865 he issued the first of his forty-page instalments of the dictionary which, many editions later, still bears the indelible mark of his distinctive style. Today the **Nouveau Larousse Universal** is known throughout the world as the definitive dictionary of the French language.

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and the prince. A candidate now pays less attention to district leaders than to opinion polls." The public-address system makes shouting unnecessary and old-fashioned oratory oppressive in national conventions. Air-conditioning has made obsolete the image of a William Jennings Bryan fanning himself in his shirtsleeves; it permits more formal dress, which tends to cause more formal conduct. "It might be impossible now to nominate a candidate under the former two-thirds rule because the delegates would not become so desperate to go home that most of them would be willing to agree."

> Television encourages mild exhibitionism but inhibits most of the vulgar deviations of behavior. In the convention hall, fist fights and drunkenness have almost disappeared. . . . During invocations men even stop smoking cigars. . . . No one forgets that his family, friends, and enemies may be watching through the eyes of the TV cameras, which are pointed down on the crowd like machine guns around the walls of a prison yard.

One fact emerges plainly from Mr. Bullitt's penetrating observations. Every day those forces in American life are growing stronger which have discouraged in this country the predominance of fanatic, rash, or even bold leadership. Our problem remains less to restrain the potential dictator than to keep vigorous a representative system based in the small local constituency, while still marshaling the boldness required by a rapidly accelerating pace and ever-enlarging scale of decision.

The Way of the American Politician requires that we continue to find the saviors of our nation not in heroes or crusaders, but in sensible men who can keep their heads (and the steady support of their constituencies) in a world of messiahs.

The Sting of a Labour M.P.

***"The Charm of Politics," by R. H. S. Crossman** (Harper. 243 pp. $4), offers in the guise of book reviews some brainy ruminations by a Labour man in Parliament. His essays are evaluated for us by Nicholas King, who is an editorial writer for the* New York Herald Tribune.

By Nicholas King

ANYONE who knows that formidable journal *The New Statesman* knows Richard Crossman. This dashing academic is of a type more common in England than here, a professor-politician who finds no problem in putting his brains to use in the day-to-day scrimmage of politics. He has been a Labour M.P. for some years now, and is among the most articulate of all the intellectuals of the Left (he also writes a column for the mass-circulation *Daily Mirror*).

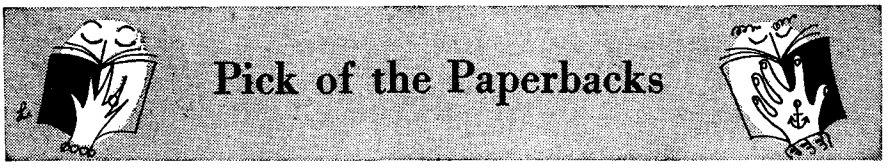
This book is a collection of essays which have appeared under the guise of book reviews in the last twenty years. Most of them are of much more recent date, but there are one or two which were written before World War II (the analysis of Anthony Eden in 1938 is very penetrating and very durable). I say "guise" because Mr. Crossman is one of those critics who take a book as a springboard for expressing their own thoughts on the subject. In one case, for instance, he does not even mention the title under consideration until the last paragraph of a comparatively lengthy essay. That is why he is able to suggest that book reviews constitute an unrecognized genre of literature, and we are glad that it works out that way.

For Mr. Crossman, particularly in his articles on politicians and pundits, is in the know; he is able to contradict biographers from personal experience. The most authoritative essays, and therefore those with the most enduring interest, are these. However, at times he deals with people the general American reader does not know—R. G. Collingwood, for example, or Sir Geoffrey Shakespeare. But, as one might expect, there are a number of articles on American subjects, among them Hiss and Oppenheimer. Mr. Crossman is also able to perform the feat of including Mussolini in the same essay with Calvin Coolidge ("a mean, cantankerous, and insignificant man").

The author's style is, of course, what recommends him. The Socialist movement in Britain has somehow permitted a number of its adherents to combine a cold but unflinching passion for the proletariat with aristocratic subtleties of taste and temperament. Mr. Crossman is a product of Winchester, and there is no mistaking his educated refinement. He is on the inside; he knows all about dons and premiers; one suspects that he could know all about dukes if he thought it worth the bother. When he criticizes, his sting is magnificent. In discussing a series of speeches made by Lord Halifax, he says, "Whatever their effectiveness on the platform, they read well." That must surely be a coveted line.

One of the most interesting sections of the book is devoted to Nazi Germany—Goebbels, Himmler, and the young Hitler. Another choice bit is his piece about *Time* magazine; in a few pages Mr. Crossman says as much as others do in whole volumes.

On the whole, this is an absorbing book. The title smacks a bit of the mandarin, but it would be hard to suggest a better one. If you have not yet met Mr. Crossman, now is the time to do so.



METAPHYSICAL LYRICS AND POEMS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. *By Herbert J. C. Grierson. Galaxy.* $1.75. From John Donne to Samuel Butler, this classic anthology samples some of England's greatest poetry, in which, with stylish intellect, earthly and spiritual love are blended.

SATAN IN GORAY. *By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Translated by Jacob Sloan. Noonday.* $1.25. A brilliant, phantasmagorical novel that depicts life in the medieval Polish village of Goray, in which the Jews waited for the Messiah to appear and found instead the devil himself.

A TOUCH OF THE POET. *By Eugene O'Neill. Yale.* 95¢. O'Neill's last full-length play, now appearing on Broadway, is all about the trouble-weary Melody family in colonial New England.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. *By Leon Trotsky. Anchor.* $1.45. F. W. Dupee has selected these sections on the overthrow of czarism and the triumph of the Soviets from Trotsky's massive "History of the Russian Revolution." Written during his exile, his account is filled with acerbic and dramatic descriptions of the Revolution's leading figures and events.

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Fiction

Continued from page 27

tion of the problem of truth or the conflict between *being form* and *having form.*

The last idea Pirandello leaves with his audience is a picture of the work of art: the characters fixed in their human dramas, fixed in a form which is everlasting and immutable, which contrasts with the Director, the actors, and even the audience, who represent the complete opposite. There is no real truth for the human being who only *has form* ("Today's truth is tomorrow's illusion"). The truth, the only stable thing, is the work of art, for it *is form.* The characters will always be seen as they are seen for the last time in the play. They will be seen just as Paolo and Francesca are seen by the reader, who, no matter how many times he may turn to the fifth canto of Dante's Inferno, will always find Francesca saying the same words with always the same fresh sorrow and sweetness to Dante, and Dante will always faint at the close of the canto. Therefore, in his last view of the six characters Pirandello places *the* truth before his audience, the unchangeable and everlasting truth: the work of art.

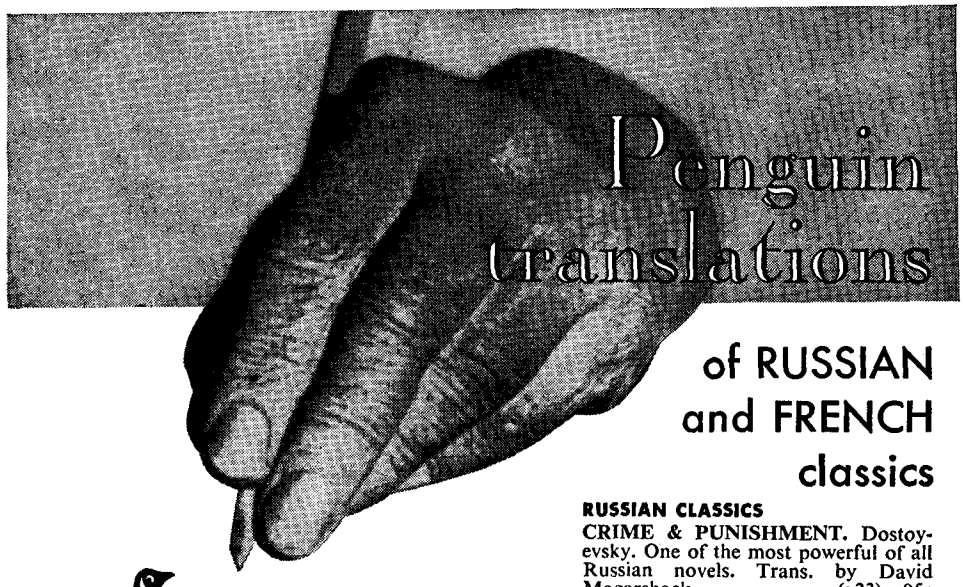
ONCE the reader has absorbed this much of Pirandello's very particular poetic world, he should have no difficulty reading Marta Abba's very sensitive translation of "The Mountain Giants" (1936), "The New Colony" (1928), and "When Someone Is Somebody" (1933), for these three plays are further variations on the dilemma presented in "Six Characters."

Marta Abba's introduction consists of a selection of the letters written to her by Pirandello dating from 1926 until the year of his death, 1936. "Il Maestro" talks about the movies as a possible new means for expressing his ideas; he tells about his plays that are in the process of creation; he expresses his anguish resulting from the inability of his beloved Italy to understand and appreciate his work. These letters serve not only as a helpful introduction to the plays which follow, but, more important, they serve as an introduction to Pirandello, the writer or character performing in his own drama of the mind.

Before Pirandello wrote plays he wrote novels and short stories, and Frances Keene makes a point of mentioning this in her introduction to Lily Duplaix's translation of some of Pirandello's "Short Stories." She also states that Miss Duplaix's collection includes stories representative of Pirandello's major themes. This is partially true. Pirandello took the basic ideas for the majority of his plays from his short stories. For example, one of the levels of drama in "Six Characters" comes directly from a short story, "The Tragedy of a Character," written in 1910, eleven years before "Six Characters" came into being. Miss Duplaix's collection, unfortunately, avoids any of the short stories which eventually gave birth to Pirandello's unique theatre.

In the United States Pirandello is known primarily as a dramatist, and the reason for this is that only a small amount of his prose has been translated. This is not surprising, for his prose is very difficult to render into English, and I am sure that Miss Duplaix is well aware of this. Unusual syntax, the variety and precision of diction, use of regional expressions and dialects are just some of the translator's hurdles.

A translator, like a poet, must be especially sensitive to words and their connotations. On the whole Lily Duplaix has done a commendable job, and I think that she has helped to show that Pirandello is no less a great prose writer than a dramatist.



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Booty at the Bottom of the Sea

***"Sea Diver: A Quest for History Under the Sea," by Marion Clayton Link** (Rinehart. 333 pp. $4.50), tells of explorations deep in the Caribbean for the wreck of Columbus's* Santa Maria. *Arthur C. Clarke heads an underwater survey team in Ceylon.*

By Arthur C. Clarke

MUCH of the wealth of mankind lies at the bottom of the sea, and the lure of sunken treasure has attracted adventurers in every age. Only in this century, however, have we discovered that there is something more precious than gold or jewels on the ocean bed. Beneath the waves are countless lost chapters from the childhood of our race, waiting to be read. The sea is an unopened museum, hoarding the relics of 5,000 years of maritime history.

The development of self-contained breathing apparatus since the war has opened up the great new field of submarine archeology to thousands of amateur skin-divers. But to call the Links "amateurs," though technically accurate, is a little misleading. Ed Link, inventor of the pilot trainer that bears his name, spent a considerable fortune fitting out the sturdy shrimp-boat *Sea Diver* with every possible aid to underwater operations. His wife's book is an interim report on their adventures, which are still in progress. It is also a lively account of the trials and disasters of the Spanish treasure fleets which went aground with such monotonous regularity on the Florida Keys.

Anyone hoping to recover the millions still scattered over the Caribbean would do well to study this book with care. Despite the metal detectors, echo sounders, electronic navigation devices, and radar with which *Sea Diver* was equipped, nothing of material value was discovered. But the Links were after knowledge, not treasure, even though they spent dangerous days at Silver Shoals, from which Captain Phips lifted a fortune in bullion in one of the earliest and most successful of all salvage operations.

The Links' main objective was the wreck of the *Santa Maria*, which hit a reef off Haiti on Christmas Eve 1492. Their researches into the route followed by Columbus's flagship have been published as a Smithsonian Institution paper, and their theories received some support from the discovery of a giant anchor contemporary with the *Santa Maria*. It is not surprising that on this first attempt the Links found no trace of the ship itself; the sea scatters the bones of its victims far and wide, and quickly hides them beneath a coral disguise. Nevertheless, the Links' investigations have narrowed the area of search, and they are confident that some day the remains of the *Santa Maria* will be found.

Since this book was written, the Links have moved eastward to the Mediterranean, undoubtedly the richest area in the world in sunken history. We shall look forward in the near future to reading of their discoveries off the coast of Israel.

"Sea Diver" is somewhat scantily illustrated for a book of this nature, but the underwater photographs (many of them by *Life*'s Peter Stackpole) are of excellent quality.

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Bizarre Father of the Big Dig

***"The Bull of Minos," by Leonard Cottrell** (Rinehart. 234 pp. $4.50), and **"The Gold of Troy," by Robert Payne** (Funk & Wagnalls. 273 pp. $3.95), complement each other in their depiction, respectively, of the scientific excavations of ancient Greece and the Croesus, Heinrich Schliemann, who fathered them. In the opinion of C. A. Robinson, Jr., a classical scholar, both books are well worth reading.*

By C. A. Robinson, Jr.

ROBERT PAYNE'S "Gold of Troy" and Leonard Cottrell's "The Bull of Minos" deal dramatically with Heinrich Schliemann, the bizarre father of scientific excavation, and the world of archeology which he laid bare. The emphases of the two books are quite different, but each in its own way is a delight.

Everything that Schliemann touched, as businessman and archeologist, turned to gold, and this is the main theme of Payne's amusing and entertaining book. Schliemann's father was a poor and eccentric minister, and the boy's childhood was fairly harrowing. In the course of growing up, however, the young Schliemann mastered many languages and made several fortunes in Russia, the United States, and elsewhere. Then in middle life he went off to the Dardanelles to realize his youthful ambition of excavating Homer's Troy.

In this fashion the Bronze Age of Greece was discovered, an epoch of man's history that extends for 2,000 years from 3100 B.C. It seems somewhat amazing, at this distance, to reflect that the scholarly world had scoffed at Schliemann's first efforts, and the extraordinary tale loses little in Payne's telling.

The Trojan War had been regarded by scholars as nothing but a beautiful legend. When, however, Schliemann actually found Priam's city and subsequently proved by his excavation at Mycenae on the Greek mainland that the new civilization had once been widespread, scholars retreated to the position that it was a pre-Greek culture. After all, was it not an established fact that the Greeks had reached their historic home at the beginning of the Iron Age, in 1100 B.C.? This was also the position of Sir Arthur Evans, who at the opening of the century commenced his truly magnificent excavation of Knossos in Crete. Legend said that this was the home of Minos and his terrible bull, the Minotaur, but, instead of the labyrinth, Evans found a wonderfully sophisticated civilization, chiefly rep-

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resented by a stupendous palace that covers six acres and is several stories high.

Though Payne's interest is in Schliemann the man, he does introduce us to the implications of his work. He makes us see that the whole world of Homer has suddenly taken on real flesh and blood. We now know that the Greeks entered what we call Greece not in 1100 B.C., but soon after 2000 B.C., and that the tremendous millennium-long civilization that followed on the mainland was Greek. For example, it is now a fact that the beehive tomb of Atreus at Mycenae, one of the architectural wonders of the world, as clearly reflects the Greek genius as does the Athenian Parthenon of a thousand years later.

Unlike Payne, Cottrell addresses himself chiefly to the archeology of Troy, Crete, and Mycenae. His enthralling "Bull of Minos" does, however, give something of the personalities and the drama; and for those who wish the fun of cryptography, an appendix spells out the problem of the strange script on the Cretan tablets found in 1939 and after the war. His book is popularization at its best.

Criminal Record

HONG KONG KILL. *By Bryan Peters. Washburn.* $2.95. Tony Brandon, British intelligence ace, flies from London to colonial dependency off China coast to battle Yellowknife (Red murder syndicate); resulting dead include three women; scrambler phones used; seven-card stud played; payoff is in San Francisco. Plausible performance.

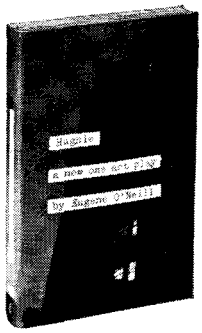
JOURNEY TO THE HANGMAN. *By Arthur W. Upfield. Crime Club.* $2.95. Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte, disguised as Nat Bonnar, moves into West Australian outback to sol e three apparently unrelated killings. Well up among his best.

IF THE SHOE FITS. *By Lee Roberts. Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. Cleveland steel tycoon's playboy heir is found dead on Lake Erie beach; country doctor, town cops investigate plethora of suspects. Cast limited and credible, pace smooth. His usual fine job.

PASS THE GRAVY. *By A. A. Fair (Erle Stanley Gardner). Morrow.* $2.95. Bertha Cool throws conniption fits as Partner Donald Lam takes on Los Angeles charity case, but corpse quickly develops and bells ring for a jackpot; gallons of gas consumed. On the ball. —SERGEANT CUFF.

The final completed manuscript by

EUGENE O'NEILL



In 1940 O'Neill returned his attention to the type of play that had won him his early fame, and projected a new series of eight one-act plays. The single surviving manuscript from this group is now published for the first time. In effect a monologue, it presents but two characters, one of whom is virtually silent. The third and most important character — Hughie — is dead; but his innocence, gullibility, and need to believe in a more exciting existence than he ever knew give some purpose to the shabby lives of the two that remain.

Here is a succinct and masterful statement on courage arising from illusion and reflected illusion — the theme that obsessed America's master playwright in his later years.

HUGHIE: A One-act Play

First staged in Stockholm in September 1958, *Hughie* was acclaimed in the Swedish press as "O'Neill's finest short play."

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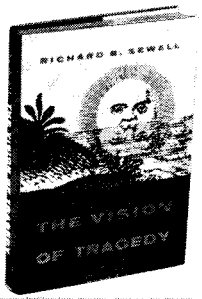

by RICHARD B. SEWALL

A Yale teacher whose lectures on Tragedy have brought him widespread acclaim scrutinizes the tragic vision from Job to the present to provide a revealing picture of the literary and dramatic form that has so strong a hold on contemporary expression. Oedipus, Faustus, Lear, *The Scarlet Letter, Moby-Dick,* the Karamazovs, and Faulkner's *Absalom, Absalom!* are the landmarks along the way, and Mr. Sewall examines each of them with brilliance and honesty to let the tragedies themselves explain and define tragedy. $4.00

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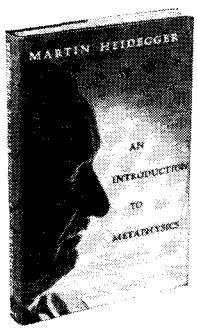

For Martin Heidegger, whose thinking is basic to modern existentialism, the whole history of human thought and existence has been dominated and shaped by man's understanding of being. In this book, which grew from his own frequently quoted question "Why is there being at all rather than nothingness?" he traces the meaning of being and man's understanding of it as they are recorded in philosophy and poetry and, above all, in the language that underlies them both. $3.75

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Books for Young People

—From "Young Mike Fink."

PERIODICALLY the press picks up an item about children's books, often out of context, and worries it into a *cause célèbre*. The most recent example of this was an editorial in *Life* accusing Dorothy Dodd, State Librarian of Florida, and by implication other librarians, of disapproving imaginative books for children because she had recommended the removal of the "Bobbsey Twins," the "Hardy Boys," and similar old series books from public library collections. Even the Governor of Florida was quoted as saying he remembered reading these books with pleasure as a child.

Many grownups would agree, forgetting that there was almost nothing else to read at the turn of the century and that their appraisal of these books is based on nostalgic memory rather than a rereading of them. Actually, such books are dull, poorly written, unimaginative stories of boys and girls who bear little resemblance to flesh-and-blood children; they present an attitude toward peoples at variance with modern concepts of brotherhood, and they contribute nothing to the child's understanding of himself or others.

Now children have so many wonderful books of high imagination—books of pure fantasy, of science fiction—as well as books that portray real children in understandable situations that it is a regrettable waste of time to read any undistinguished, noncreative books. These old series books are collectors' items like gas lights and fringe-topped buggies, but they have been replaced in our library collections by creative books—well written and beautifully illustrated and designed—that today's children enjoy.

Reviewers for this issue: Rosemary Livsey, director, Work with Children, Public Library, Los Angeles, Calif.; Alice Lohrer, assistant professor, Library School, University of Illinois, and Della McGregor, chief of Youth Services, Public Library, St. Paul, Minn.

—Frances Lander Spain,
Coordinator, Children's Services,
The New York Public Library.

WIDGET. *Story and pictures by Clare Turlay Newberry. Harper.* $2.50. Widget, with but one skill—the ability to climb out of her box—and the usual amount of kitten-innocence, sets out on her adventures. And no one sees her go! That's all the plot necessary to produce page after page of alluring kitten playfulness—if the artist happens to be Clare Newberry. That this kitten is a "coon" cat, a breed of long-haired, broad-faced feline common to the State of Maine, will interest cat lovers. For nursery-age children Widget's adventures and her return to home and mother's security are enough.

—Rosemary Livsey.

THERE'S NO SUCH ANIMAL. *By Alf Evers. Pictures by Bogdan Grom. Lippincott.* $2.25. What animal was so fantastically strange that when little baby bear told his parents about what he had seen they laughed and laughed and said, "There's no such animal"? The three- to six-year-old will enjoy hearing this slight but humorous story of bears who knew about rabbits and skunks and bears but knew there was no animal that was round, had white fur, and had flowers growing out of the top of its head.

The realistic and humorous illustrations add much to the effectiveness of the story. —Alice Lohrer.

SLEEPY BOOK. *By Charlotte Zolotow. Pictures by Vladimir Bobri. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* $2.75. On dark gray-blue paper to simulate the effect of night, and with light gray hand-cut blockletters, is told the story of how bears, pigeons, fish, moths, horses, dogs, and kittens sleep. Effective, simple, and clear pictures show each animal or insect asleep in a characteristic manner. Finally, we find a small boy and girl tucked away for the night. As a bedtime book for the three- to six-year-old the author and artist combine talents to set the mood for dropping off to sleep. A book that parents will appreciate. —A. L.

TAN'S FISH. *By Ruthven Todd. Illustrations by Theresa Sherman. Little, Brown.* $2.75. When young Tan, who lived on a narrow cluttered street in Canton, China, was seven his tea-merchant father gave him an aquarium. Together they set up the tank in their courtyard and on festive occasions his friends added new specimens to his stock. As he grew older he dreamed of becoming a fish explorer and traveling to the far corners of the world in search of fish so beautiful that the hearts of all who saw them would be filled with wonder and delight. This fictional account of the unfolding of Tan's plans is built around the true story of a real boy and real fish, both beautiful and rare. The well-written tale will appeal to boys aged eight to ten.

—Della McGregor.

KID SISTER. *By Margaret Embry. Illustrated by Don Freeman. Holiday House.* $2.50. Irresistible escapades, humor, and wholesome family life are skilfully blended together in "Kid Sister" to capture the attention of the eight- to twelve-year-old girl. Zib Pauley, the kid sister of two teen-age girls, brings home a baby hooded rat named Rosemary to raise and train as a pet. Good-looking and well-mannered as Rosemary turns out to be, she is still capable of turning a peaceful home topsy-turvy when she escapes from her cage and hides in Karen's slipper. Other episodes likewise help to make this family story exciting and very readable.

—A. L.

THE LUCKIEST GIRL. *By Beverly Cleary. Morrow.* $2.95. Girls will enjoy reading about Shelley Lathan, a junior in high school who considered herself the luckiest person when a letter to her mother made it possible for her to leave Oregon and go to school in California for a year. As an only child she finds living in a home with other young people exciting and frustrating, carrying with it new and interesting responsibilities. Making friends, dating the ideal boy, and later seeing him in a new light all make for a good teen-age book written with warmth, understanding, and insight into the joys and problems of the growing girl. —A. L.

THE YELLOW HAT. *By Nancy Faulkner. Illustrations by Tom O'Sullivan. Doubleday.* $2.95. Adam, who was identified by the yellow hat he wore, was caught up in the idealism and the excesses of the Peasants' Revolt, but through his friendship with Kate, a maid in Chaucer's home, he was able to find the freedom he sought and the promise of love. This gives a fine

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picture of Chaucer both as a person and literary man, as well as of the unhappy conditions of the peasants, and of the uncertainties of life in London. Against this authentic background of exciting late-fourteenth-century England, Miss Faulkner has told an adventure story that will have especial appeal to the teen-agers.
—F. L. S.

THE GREAT DECLARATION. *Written and edited by Henry Steele Commager. Drawings by Donald Bolognese. Bobbs-Merrill.* $2.75. This is a straightforward and dramatic account of the men and the events which produced the Declaration of Independence. Substantiated by contemporary letters, it reflects the thinking of men intent upon the great responsibility of establishing our right to be free and independent states. Enriched moreover with reproductions of paintings and woodcuts of the period, this book by a distinguished historian will stir the imagination of young readers.
—R. L.

ANDY'S WONDERFUL TELESCOPE. *By G. Warren Schloat, Jr. Photographs by the author and others. Scribners.* $2.75. This is a timely, informative book for the eight- to thirteen-year-old reader whose interest in the stars and moon have been stimulated by recent satellite launchings and discussions of rockets to the moon. There are many clear photographs to aid the young reader in understanding, first, the difficult concepts of space and size, especially the Earth's relationship to its sun, other planets, and space; second, the principles that led to the making of a telescope and how it works, and, third, how to identify the group of stars called constellations and those comprising a galaxy.
—A. L.

—From "The Yellow Hat."

YOUNG MIKE FINK. *By Zachary Ball. Portrait and end-papers by Paul Lantz. Holiday House.* $2.95. He claimed to be half horse, half alligator. Certainly, legend or fact, he was known to be a dead shot, a skilled keelboatman, and indefatigable fighter given to wild boasting and outrageous practical jokes. Mr. Ball has chosen to tell of him as a real person, adventuring in the wild Mississippi River country when the new nation was pushing west. He has written a convincing tale, true to the life of the times, and out of it Mike Fink again emerges as a fabulous being. For the boy who would have the tales taller, we also recommend James Bowman's "Mike Fink" (Little, Brown).
—R. L.

THE GREAT BARRIER REEF. *By Mary Elwyn Patchett. Illustrated by Joan Kiddell-Monroe. Bobbs-Merrill.* $3. The summer the author was eleven is made memorable when the family takes off for a three months' camping trip to the coral reefs along the Australian coast. The delights of exploring the tide pools and tropical underbrush, viewing the antics of strange birds from the vantage point of a secret cave, sailing and surf-swimming after nightfall to escape the heat, and participating in the preparation of a Christmas picnic dinner of roast turtle are all vividly described. Using this fascinating region of the world as a backdrop, Mrs. Patchett also gives us intimate and ofttimes poignant glimpses of the inner life of a lonely child. Discriminating parents will find the story acceptable fare for the entire family. The illustrations, however, are undistinguished and disappointing.
—D. McG.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER: Fighting Quaker. *By Ruth Langland Holberg. Illustrated by Aldren A. Watson. Crowell.* $2.75. Readers aged ten to fourteen interested in men and women of ideas and courage will profit from this sympathetic and well-written biography of John Greenleaf Whittier, a Quaker and a foe of slavery. The message of Whittier's life has real meaning today for our youth who read about or are directly affected by current tensions over school integration. The quiet Quaker would easily become aroused over wrongdoing toward fellow men. His poetry and his articles brought him fame but not fortune, and made for him friends as well as enemies.
—A. L.

Chess Corner—11

IN A repeat performance concluded a short while ago, Bobby Fischer retained the United States championship. Veteran grandmaster Sammy Reshevsky finished second in the field of twelve. Two in a row for Bobby has set the stage for speculation on the top man, and already patrons of the game are sounding out the competitors on their readiness to play a match. Reshevsky, it will be remembered, was a prodigy at six. At the age of eight, on his arrival in the United States, he vanquished many of the leading masters of this country and engaged in simultaneous performances when he could barely reach the table top to make his moves. He is now forty-seven.

The age differential brings to mind the anecdote concerning two gladiators of half a century ago, Steinitz and Zukertort. Despite a dual trouncing, there were those who proclaimed that Zukertort had never lost to Steinitz. Steinitz won the first time, they said, when Zukertort was not yet Zukertort. He won the second time when Zukertort was no longer Zukertort.

Below is a game played by Sammy at the age of eight, *sans voir*.

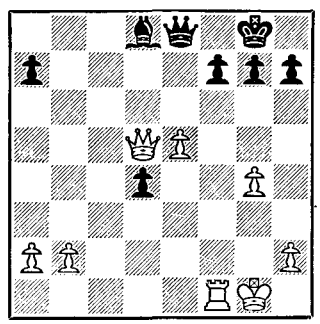
RUY LOPEZ

S. Reshevsky (White)		R. C. Griffith (Black)	
1 P-K4	P-K4	8 PxP	N-N2
2 N-KB3	N-QB3	9 N-B3	O-O
3 B-N5	N-B3	10 N-Q4	N-B4
4 O-O	NxP	11 P-B4	N-K3
5 P-Q4	B-K2	12 B-K3	NxN
6 R-K1	N-Q3	13 BxN	P-Q4
7 BxN	NPxB	14 Q-B3	B-KB4

The position appears to be reasonably even. Now, however, comes a violent Pawn storm.

15 P-KN4	BxBP	21 RxR	QxR
16 QR-B1	P-QB4	22 P-B6!	R-K1
17 RxB	PxB	23 N-K7ch	RxN
18 NxP	P-QB4	24 RxR	BxP
19 P-B5	B-N4	25 R-KB1	Q-K1
20 RxP	R-B1	26 Q-Q5	B-Q1

BLACK



WHITE

Now, White reduces the position to "skin and bones," maintaining an extra Pawn for an easy win.

27 RxP!	QxR	29 QxQch	KxQ
28 QxBch	Q-B1	30 K-B2	Resigns

—Al Horowitz.

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Conversationalist

Continued from page 20

pebble shines only when it's wet. I want mine to go on shining wet or dry.

QUES.: *A long time back you wrote:*

They will not find me changed
from him they knew.
Only more sure of all I thought
was true.

Would you hold to that in retrospect?

MR. FROST: The new thing with me has always included the old. Those lines are really about loyalty, aren't they? I know more about loyalty now than I did when I wrote them. But the situation of loyalty is always the same.

I keep seeing articles by people who talk about "Loyalty in Times Like These." But loyalty doesn't change with the times. If you decide to be disloyal *for good and sufficient reason*—perhaps because new loyalties demand it of you—you do so at your own risk. Past, present or future, disloyalty is always the same as far as the necessary group is concerned. Disloyalty is that for which your gang will take you out and shoot you if they catch you at it. Go ahead and risk it when you must, but let's have no talk of disloyalty made easy—as if you ought to be able to go against your gang and then expect them to kiss you for it.

QUES.: *What about your public life in "the necessary group?" How much public schedule are you carrying as Consultant in Poetry at the Library of Congress?*

MR. FROST: I don't stay in Washington all year. I go there for four separate "intervals" as they call them. Each interval is about a week long. I've done three of them and have my fourth to go.

They are the busiest weeks I've ever put in. I go to my office every day to be consulted and all sorts of people come in. And then there are parties to go to. And then there are public lectures to give. I've given one to chosen children from the nearby high schools —two or three from each school along with one of their teachers. Then I gave one to invited guests of the Library of Congress. And I have a number of them to give when I go back. I have one scheduled for people who specially asked for tickets. Then I'm to speak to a group of graduate students from the Maryland colleges. Then a public lecture in the Folger Library. And then one to the entire staff of the Library of Congress.

I'm doing a big year. Aside from those four intervals at the Library of Congress, I'm to visit about twenty colleges, some for just one day, others for one, two, or three weeks. I have three weeks to do yet at Amherst. And a visit to Mount Holyoke. Then in August, of course, I'll be back at the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference.

I like traveling around to the colleges, though I don't want to do too much of it. I don't want it to be in such a hurry that I find myself saying the same thing all over again at each place.

QUES.: *Do you like teaching?*

MR. FROST: I like trying to shape an idea for the class or for the audience, but I won't read manuscript if I can help it, and I usually can. I evade it. I say, "Let me read it when it's in print; I'll enjoy it more."

I've practiced my evasion. I've held up a set of papers to a class and asked, "Does anyone value any one of these?" Not one of them would say yes, so I threw the whole set into the wastebasket. "I am no perfunctory reader of perfunctory writing," I've told them.

Or I've said, "The first paper you pass in to me is the one you'll get your final grade for." I want them to hold it until they are sure it is the best they can possibly make of it.

And I have never touched a paper with a red pencil. "I'm not here to worry your writing into shape for you," I tell them. "Look to it yourself."

QUES.: *That's what a writer is, isn't it?—a man who has to be able above all else to help himself?*

MR. FROST: There is always that question of help and self-help. I believe in accepting some help, but I value myself chiefly as a self-helper.

There was once a group of ladies in Brooklyn that seemed to want to do something for me. They thought maybe it was too hard to be a poet and that they could help. They had me down to read to them and they asked me, "How do you find time to be a poet?"

I looked them over—there were about five hundred of them—and I asked them if they could keep a confidence. All five hundred said they could, so I told them where I got the time for it.

"Like a sneak," I said, "I *stole* some of it. Like a man, I *seized* some of it. —And I had a little in my tin cup to begin with."

THEY decided not to do anything for me after all. And better so. If you want to be an artist and need some diversion, it's well to find some puttering to do. Or go get a job on the road. Or in the mills.

I went into the mills. I've done all sorts of things, and willingly, because I couldn't be writing poems all the time—not as a novelist can work at his writing day in and day out—and because I had to make a living. I couldn't bank on the poetry making money.

I only banked on that for one week once. I sold the first poem I ever sent out. I got fifteen dollars for it and I thought, "That's easy." I planned that I'd do one of those every week. I could have lived on that. But it was a long time till the next check.

But that's just the nature of things and I never set myself to quarrel with it. I knew everything must come to market in some way or another. Like a street urchin, I just took things as they came, and thought of anything I got as pure velvet.

There have been those who objected. Somebody said to me once when I was young—a mean person he was —"Do you think the world owes you a living?"

"Oh my goodness no. I don't like to hear you say that," I told him. "But I do think I'm smart enough to make the world *give* me a living for what I can do best."

And it has pretty much turned out that way. I was a pretty foxy boy. I knew the world could set itself to look down on a poet, but I could always be more tolerant of them than they were of me. They tap their heads about poetry. But I just turn my back on it. I don't accept that kind of treatment.

SOMETIMES I'd find myself in a grim mood during all these years I stood waiting. I'd say to myself, "They think to dismiss me, but I'll thrust myself down their throats. They'll have to take this in the end."

And they've taken the poems. At least a lot of people have. People say nice things about me now when they talk of America having given me a position. They say they often notice how many men there are in my audience. That it isn't all women and children. And they even talk at times about people "stealing" from me.

Nothing could please me more. I once told Judge Learned Hand that the Supreme Court had lost the distinction between being a referee and a handicapper. Hand said he was going to steal that remark and not even acknowledge it.

I'll take that kind of stealing as a reward. That's real appreciation. A librarian told me once that he had a big problem with people stealing books. In his place I'd have been glad they wanted the books badly enough to steal them. What counts, as I see it, is first to have something worth stealing, and then to be stolen from in the right way.

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American Idiom

Continued from page 21

a gold medal because a poll of leading critics had voted it a work "most likely to attain the stature of a classic." While few poets have thus been honored by such a prediction during their lifetime, the hazard of that guess involved no great risk because many of his lines have already passed over into our language as familiar quotations. Having expressed the modest hope that a few of his poems might "stick like burrs not easily dislodged," Frost may find this reflexive tribute more meaningful to him than all the recent awards of medals and prizes.

Collectors of rare books provided another memorable measure of esteem for him in December of 1950 when a unique copy of his first volume of poems ("Twilight," privately printed in 1894) brought $3,500 at public auction. Quite clearly, his works have already attained the classic stature among the collectors.

While his countrymen were variously honoring him at home, and while he was becoming better known to both younger and older generations as he continued his readings on television and also to capacity audiences across the country, Robert Frost was invited to extend his bardings overseas. During the summer of 1954 he spoke and read as a representative of the United States at a commemoration of the 400th anniversary of the University of Sao Paulo, in Brazil. Three years later, Oxford and Cambridge invited him to England to receive honorary degrees. That pair of invitations helped him round out one phase of his career in that he was thus able to return with acclaim to the soil where he had been completely unknown when he had published his first book of poems in London, in 1913. This time, he stayed long enough to read and talk before enthusiastic listeners in always crowded halls, not only at Oxford and Cambridge, but also at the University of Durham (which had previously awarded him an honorary degree *in absentia*), at the University of Manchester, and at the University of London. English poets and prose writers arranged many cordial receptions for him. Climactically, the English Speaking Union spread a banquet in his honor and the toast of praise was there made with genuine affection by his own former countryman and fellow-poet, T. S. Eliot. But Frost did not come directly home from England. Priding himself on his inherited Scotch-Gaelic background, he also took pleasure in crossing the Irish Sea to receive an honorary degree from the University College in Dublin. As an informal ambassador of good will during these various occasions he served his nation with distinction.

(A typical side-view: while Frost has very little use for any academic regalia, his Yankee practicality has found sensible service for all those multicolored silk hoods heaped on his broad shoulders while he has been acquiring some forty honorary degrees. He has had the hoods cut up into appropriate-sized squares and sewn together as elegant coverings for a pair of patchwork quilts. His explanation is tart: "It's knowing what to do with things that counts.")

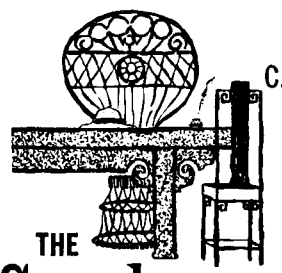
All of the events involving Robert Frost during the past decade make most sense if viewed poetically as metaphors. But what grounds for confidence could Frost have claimed during those upsetting days of Sputnik I? None new or untried, yet many that are closely related to his recurrent themes of courageous carrying on in the face of discouragement. His poems and his life provide complementary dramatizations of certain essentials in the idiom of American history: a descendant of nonconformist Puritans, Frost has acted out the principle of even heretical nonconformity while defending against all criticism the rigor and self-discipline of certain pioneering Puritan virtues. He likes to say that there are two post-Puritan books that are never quite out of his mind, Thoreau's "Walden" and Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe." He sees and hears a rhyme, there, in that while Crusoe was cast away and Thoreau self-cast-away, each found Self sufficient. Fear of lostness or defeat gets counterbalanced, for Frost, by man's persistent and metaphorical demonstrations of difficulties overcome, starting and ending with the great problems as to "how the limited can make snug in the limitless."

In his poems, many of his metaphors are closely related to the theme of the individual's necessary pioneering, in any age. For him, the greatest reward of daring is still to dare, initially through individual assertion of energy and skill buttressed by a combination of self-belief and God-belief. He views the moral build-soil of man and nation as constituting a blend of those opposites of self-fulfillment and self-surrender. Such insights are partially reflected in the metaphorical retrospect of his poem on American history entitled "The Gift Outright." But insofar as those insights involve repeated beginnings of individual self-discovery and self-expression they also find oblique reflection within such a metaphor as that which lies at the heart of "The Axe-Helve":

> He showed me that the lines of
> a good helve
> Were native to the grain before
> the knife
> Expressed them, and its curves
> were no false curves
> Put on it from without. And there
> its strength lay
> For the hard work.

As poet and as man, Frost has proved himself native to the grain of the American idiom. But if we ask what right a mere poet has to invoke metaphors of strength for hard work we can find the answers in the creases of his face. His entire life might be taken as a gathering metaphor of confronting and overcoming difficulties (physical, mental, emotional, spiritual) by setting himself an ideal goal and then by working up the skills to hew purposefully toward that goal.

Consider a few of the separate images that went to make up that life-metaphor. What were his own chances when he played as a boy in the streets of his native San Francisco while his father, having failed as a gambler, was dying of tuberculosis? What were his chances when he worked at odd



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jobs, in Lawrence, Massachusetts, while clinging to his apparently futile belief that artistic achievement was all that mattered to him? What were his chances when this city-bred young man was sent by doctor's orders to a back-woods farm in Derry, New Hampshire, because his failing health seemed to indicate tuberculosis? What were his chances after six years of desultory farm life when he was stricken by a severe attack of pneumonia and had good reason to fear that he would not recover? What were his chances when he failed for fifteen years to achieve any recognition as a poet other than those notes of polite refusal and those printed rejection slips that accompanied poems returned from major literary magazines in the United States? What were his chances when he reached his fortieth year before publishing his first thin book of lyrics in England under the retrospective title, "A Boy's Will." These are all metaphors, in which fear is met and answered and overcome by courage and daring and action and skill. Shades of Horatio Alger? All right. Call it what you like, for nothing can belittle that accomplishment.

"I stay," is the gambler-like beginning of that poem about chances and possibilities entitled "An Empty Threat." Just because these poems talk back and forth to each other, put with that beginning the conclusion of another relatively early poem entitled "Acceptance":

> Now let the night be dark for all of me.
> Let the night be too dark for me to see
> Into the future. Let what will be, be.

In considering Frost's life as a poem we can see that he had his own reasons for thinking he knew what he was talking about when he said in print just over a year ago, "Courage is the human virtue that counts most —courage to act on limited knowledge and insufficient evidence. That's all any of us have, so we must have the courage to go ahead and act on a hunch. It's the best we can do."

BECAUSE he thinks in terms of metaphors, Frost can view that homely gambler's word "hunch" as interchangeable with (or at least inseparable from) such words as "faith" and "belief." Part of his courage has always been rooted in his hunch that there must be a larger design relating the ideal goals of any individual with those of his neighbors, his state, his nation, and ultimately his God. All of his poems invoke what he likes to call "ulteriorities" within and through the hard facts of immediate daily life. During the past five years he may have seemed to become more explicit in both poetry and prose concerning the ideal predicament of any person or nation as involving "the venture of spirit into matter." But there is nothing new for him about that particular theme because he began exploring it affirmatively when he published in his first book of lyrics the poems entitled "The Trial by Existence" and "A Prayer in Spring." Years later, he touched on the same existential theme when he tucked into one of his prose prefaces this metaphor on metaphors: "Every poem is an epitome of the great predicament; a figure of the will braving alien entanglements." On his sixtieth birthday, in an open letter to *The Amherst Student*, he talked again in terms of metaphors concerning the individual's God-given capacity to assert some limited degree of order and form and meaning on the chaos and confusion of immediate human experience.

THERE is no getting around it: Robert Frost is (among many other things) a didactic poet who is not ashamed of his Puritan heritage. While certain critics continue to decry his didacticism, the average reader seems to be able to bear Frost's way of letting an observation or insight pick up its images and then crystallize themes into epigrammatic conclusions. That kind of idiom is particularly welcome today because it turns out that Frost has so much that is pertinent to say to us in our personal and national confusion. Let the cynical belittlers of the present American scene question the Nation with the old sneer, "Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, shrunk to this little measure?" What Frost has kept saying from the start of his poetic career is that there is yet room for even "sheer morning gladness at the brim" provided we keep earning the right to enjoy it. For him there is still justification for believing that "earth's the right place for love" if we take the trouble to keep earning that. As for the future of his country he suggests that even there we are morally obliged to keep earning our right to measure her future in terms of her past: "Such as she was, such as she would become."

So when a man and poet like Robert Frost is able to renew these old insights convincingly in both verse and action, even while completing his eighty-fifth year of tough experience, we can take pride in extending to him, once again, and with ever increasing gratitude, the felicitations of the nation he has served so well.

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(Continued from page 57)

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PROVENCE. Two bedroom, furnished, modern apartment. Charming French village between Cannes and Grasse. $100 monthly. Box H-26.

HOUSES WANTED

To Rent

FAMILY WISHES TO RENT two bedroom summer bungalow. Long Island, New Jersey or Connecticut. August 1 to September 7. No car—must be near swimming and shopping. Box H-3.

LOOKING FOR COMFORTABLE furnished house in Maine on or near water to rent for part of summer. Mt. Desert area. Prefer Hancock Point. Requirements flexible. Box H-37.

CAMPS

LITTLE TIMBER—Unique small co-ed camp featuring individual attention, full camp program. Professional staff. Tuition reasonable. Box G-824.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent

LAKE GEORGE, N. Y., Farmhouse, 50 acres secluded shorefront. References. Box G-898.

LYME, CONNECTICUT. Fieldstone house on two acres overlooking 3 mile lake. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, 2 terraces, modern kitchen including dishwasher, freezer. HIckory 5-5515, NYC.

MODERNIZED N.H. FARMHOUSE vicinity Peterborough. Summer and weekends. Swim, ski, fish or relax. Box H-16.

For Summer Rental

SECLUDED VERMONT farmhouse. 4 bedrooms, comfortably modernized. Vacation diversions nearby. $500 season. Box H-35.

MODERN STUDIO cottage, 1/4 mile from ocean Beach. Quiet, convenient. Suitable 4-5. Month, season. Williams. Box 455, Montauk, New York.

ON NANTUCKET MOOR: Comfortable, unpretentious house, sleeps 8. Near harbor. Utterly peaceful. August 1st—September 15th, $475. Box H-17.

BEAUTY AND SECLUSION—Rogers Rock Club-on-Lake-George. Near Ticonderoga. Fully equipped housekeeping cottages, rental season, half-season. Swimming, tennis, flower gardens, mountain trails, mile and half shoreline. Children welcome. Box H-33.

TWO GUEST HOUSES at one of Tidewater, Virginia's showplaces. Housekeeping facilities, air-conditioning, swimming pool, fishing and hunting in season. Preference given reservation requests with references. Willow Hill Plantation, Spring Grove, Virginia.

FOR RENT JULY AND AUGUST completely furnished home on Lake Champlain. Haverly O. Moyer, Plattsburgh, New York.

SUMMER PARADISE on 9 mile lake, 75 minutes NYC. Private beach, boathouse, magnificent view, lovely grounds. Accessible, secluded: 5 bedrooms, 1 1/2 baths, tastefully furnished, all appliances. Suitable two families. July 1—September 1. $1,500. Box H-38.

For Sale

COUNTRY HOME—STUDIO. Huge Combination Living Room/Studio with 7 ft. fireplace. 30 ft. North Light window, 3 bedrooms, bath, kitchen, dining room, garage with shed. Refrigerator, new stove, washer, dryer—forced hot air system. One secluded acre. $20,000—Owner POrter 2-3983, Wilton, Connecticut.

VACATIONS

SPRING SUMMER on farms and hotels. Welcoming children. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

SEEKING ATMOSPHERE? Cherry Grove plantation. Write, read, loaf. Route 1, Box 421, Natchez, Mississippi.

THE GOSNOLD ARMS. New Harbor, Maine. Seventy miles Northeast of Portland. June 30 to September 8.

THINKING OF SUMMER? THE LOG HOUSE, in the Adirondacks, North River, New York.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Conn. Open all year.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

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TENNIS, FLORIDA KEYS. 4 Clay courts. Located close to oceanfront apartments, etc. Write: Hawthorne Bissell, Islamorada. From December 1st to May 1st.

SANCTUARY for the quiet modes of former years, an Island in Time. The Island Inn, Monhegan Island, Maine. Ten miles at sea. Booklet D?

THE FALES. 500 acres woodland beauty. Excellent food. Williamstown, Massachusetts.

BIRCHWOOD INN—the Inn with a personality. Excellent continental cuisine. Write your hostess Charlotte Wagner, Lenox, Massachusetts.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1304

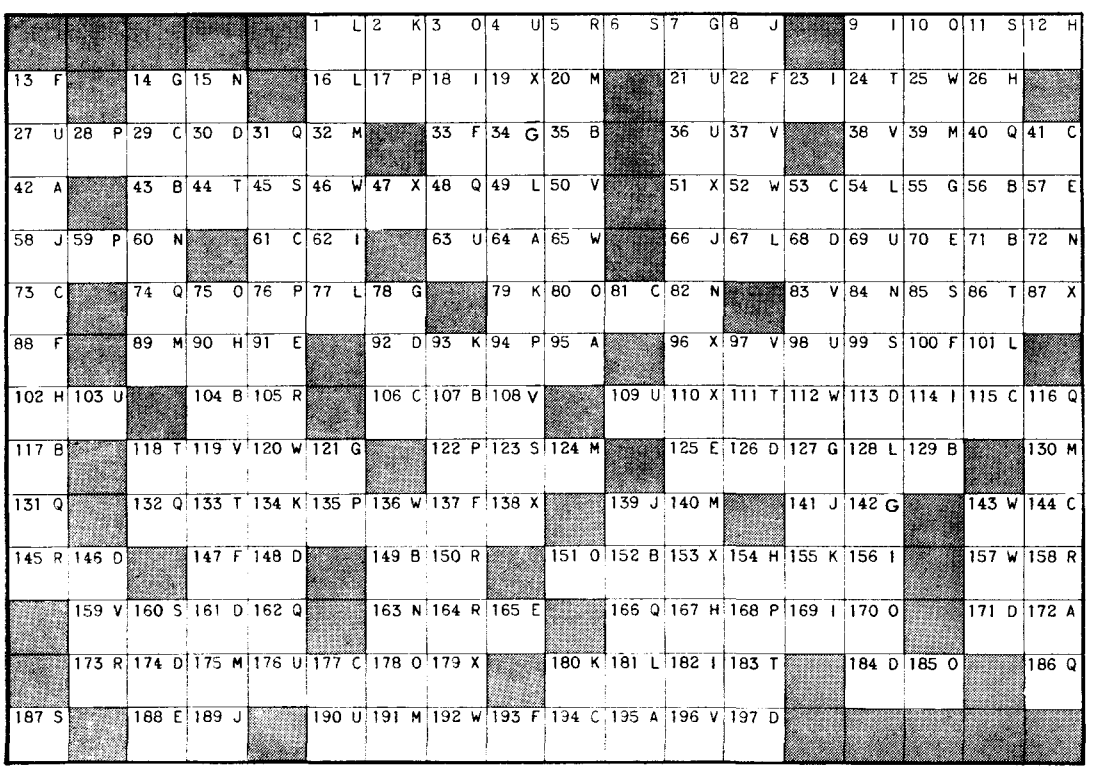
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Vehement; vigorous; weighty (colloq.).	64 95 172 195 42
B. African capital which became widely known about 1935-6 (2 wds.).	71 35 129 107 117 43 149 56 104 152
C. Fighting peer of England two of whose nicknames were "Old Nosy", and "The Iron Duke".	81 194 29 73 144 115 41 61 53 177 106
D. Followed by "my Master went", famous line from Lanier's "Ballad of Trees" (3 wds.).	184 30 161 126 113 174 146 92 171 148 197 68
E. Rating of one's spirits during a fit of depression (2 wds.; fig.).	57 91 125 165 188 70
F. Topped off.	22 137 33 147 193 100 88 13
G. Exaggerated; cooked too long.	14 55 7 127 78 121 34 142
H. Cipher.	12 167 102 154 90 26
I. Buoyant marine craft for rescue work (2 wds.).	169 114 62 18 23 182 9 156
J. "Field" formerly in the heart of Brooklyn.	189 66 141 58 139 8
K. Placate; cajole by flattery.	79 134 2 180 155 93
L. A somewhat less familiar name for The Wandering Jew.	1 67 77 49 101 181 54 16 123
M. Texture of a too-old root vegetable, or a piece of land with more forest than needed.	130 39 124 32 89 175 140 191 20
N. Stinging, irritating plant.	15 84 163 60 72 82
O. Large, beautiful lake, central Maine.	185 3 178 80 10 170 75 151
P. Upset.	28 17 76 94 122 135 168 59
Q. First count of the hand in cribbage (2 wds.).	74 48 131 186 40 31 116 132 166 162
R. It was "the thing" to Hamlet (2 wds.).	173 164 150 158 145 5 105
S. Founder and long pastor of the Little Church Around the Corner in N.Y. (1820-97).	123 187 11 99 45 6 85 160
T. Significant appellation.	24 86 118 183 133 111 44
U. Said of a depiction which conveys a certain charm, often romance.	103 36 27 63 176 4 69 21 109 98 190
V. The "backbone" of Italy.	97 83 196 50 119 159 37 38 108
W. The common weakfish from which New England Indians used to make glue.	112 52 192 25 120 46 143 136 157 65
X. Evincing barbarous ferocity.	179 19 153 96 110 87 51 47 138

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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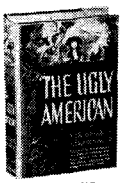

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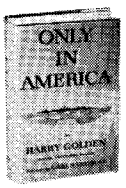

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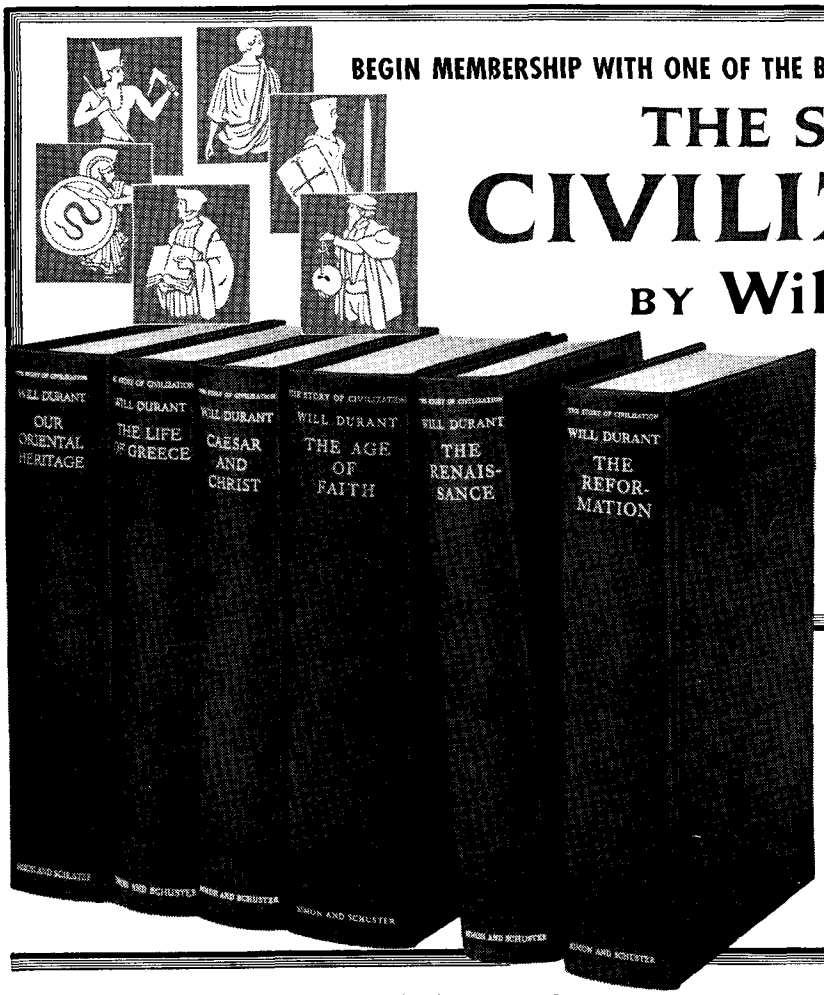

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